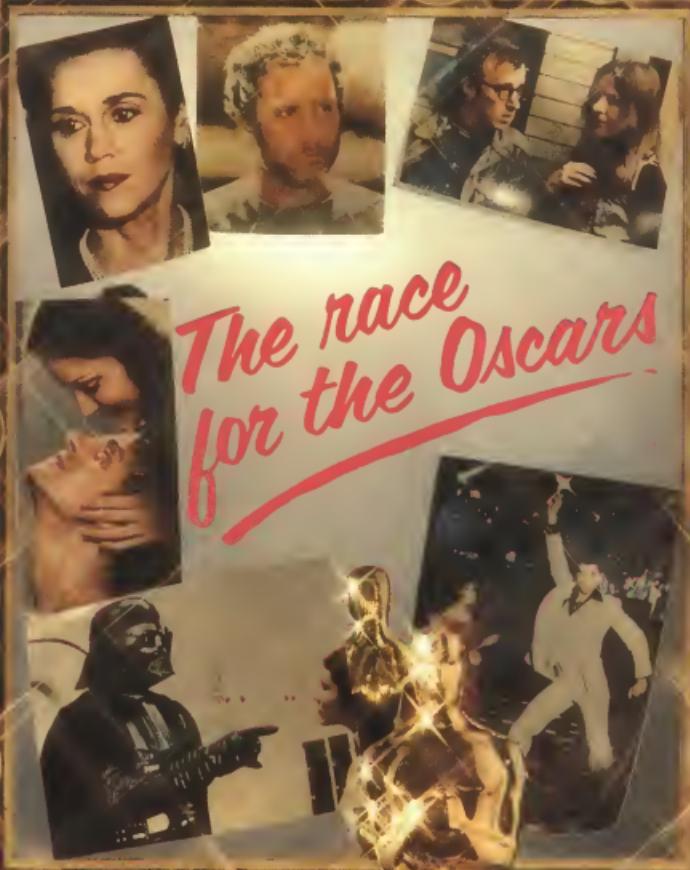


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MARCH 20, 1978

CANADA'S NEWSMAGAZINE

VOLUME 6

Maclean's

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Please don't drink the water: Of all the things Canadians take for granted, clean water places high on the list. But given a new study showing contamination almost everywhere, we'll have to rethink. [Page 16](#)



They're here to stay! The Oscar race always generates excitement, but even without it Hollywood, following a record year at the box office, is able to show "Hooray!" again.



A Tiger Is Missing: A year after he took power in India, Manmohan Singh, the 62-year-old moron, must start looking over his shoulder as the women he replaced test whether India counts. Page 218



A straw in the wind Rodriguez Bélanger, leader of the Union Nationale, would like to offer Quebec an option to the Parti Québécois and the Liberals—if only he could decide who he stood for.



The Jehovah Factor: From its inception, and by its very nature, science has tried to unravel the mystery of creation. Now some scientists are ready to give up—and give the Divinity His due. **Page 86**



Introducing a column on the arts. With this issue novelist Michael Shnider and award-winning artist Ansel will regularly (and alternately) offer opinions on the state of the arts. *Menlo*. Page 87

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Interview

With Bob Dylan

Bob Dylan, folk-poet laureate to-the-generation, has turned movie-maker. And if you had trouble understanding his songs... wait until you see his movie. His first major effort, though it limped during his semi-transcendental musical tour, Rolling Thunder Revue, more than two years ago, offers easy description. Titled *Roadside At Dawn*, it runs more than four hours and traces a series of interactions at the intersection. Dylan appears as the character Randolph, while the actress Rosemarie plays Bob Dylan. Dylan is a thin-waif Barn (he's shriveling last year after 11 years of marriage) to Clara, while country singer Ronny Dinkley plays Mrs. Bob Dylan. And Joan Baez, for years the main woman in Dylan's life, is cast as The Woman in White. The film ad-libbed and the fact that the cast is composed of musicians, not actors, is often painfully apparent.

The movie has not been a success. Because of its extraordinary length, it had opened by early March in only two theatres, in New York and Los Angeles. *Deadline*, having chosen not to "sell out" to the major distributor, DyMill was having the film handled by a company set up by his brother. Suddenly the recluse singer/guitarist was granted selected interviews (prices set to avoid the costs of advertising *Roadside* and *Clouds*).

Many of Dylan's responses in this conversation with MacLean's contributing editor, Philip Plummer, seem contradictory. But he seems to put an image of a man who, despite the insecurities and torments that have done his way in the 26 years, is trying to live life the way with a sense of truth and integrity.



Who people think I am, or what they think I'm like is just not important

MacLean's: What are the two most women in your life, your ex-wife Suze and Joan Baez, along with the *Clouds*? There isn't much room for either. You don't seem to feel any love for either. I feel like I'm missing something for me.

Dylan: Well, you know what the movie's about because it comes back to you. It's going to be around for years and years and you'll go see it again sometime and then you'll say "Aha, that's what it was about."

Then you'll know and I won't have to tell you (laughs).

MacLean's:

MacLean's:

MacLean's: Why do you play a character called Randolph and not Dylan?

Dylan: Well, in any song I write or any movie I'm in, it always becomes the character (in). I play the character Randolph in the movie. When I sing it, it's Mr. Dylan the another character. It's all a play. My songs are closer to the heart than to ordinary rock and roll.

on a level I attain a substantial level, I think some in some.

MacLean's: But that movie goes on for over four hours. You don't seem to feel any that customer's supposed to handle to convert the whole thing and usually?

Dylan: Well, I haven't really seen the movie in a while. So much has happened since I have seen it that I would really have to see it again to explain it to you. (I) I did see it, I could explain it. I haven't seen it in a while.

MacLean's: But what about Suze and Joan Baez? Sorry, you must understand why they were there.

Dylan: Yeah, but they were the same women, as demonstrated in the film. We know that they're different women (since we're watching the stages), but actually (a woman) which they confront the real Bob Dylan about which one he really (was) slept the same woman.

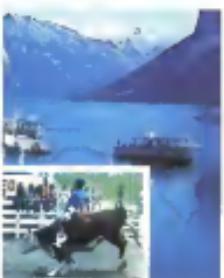
MacLean's: I didn't think they were the same women.



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Dylan: You didn't think that they were the same woman, but if you see the movie again, you'll see they were the same woman. *The Woman in White* (Bazza) was played earlier by the woman we now call *Clara* (Barbra Dylan) who was in that room and the *Woman in White* who was in that room then was a manifestation of the past which did or didn't exist. They are two different people playing [laughs]. I know it's hard to grasp, but it's that mysterious.

MacLean's: Look, I saw that movie and I saw two different women.

Dylan: Well, in reality they're not.

MacLean's: Well, really they certainly are. *Mariah's* [sic] [laughs] and *one* [sic]. And I chose to act other roles, such as this film, that's how it appears because there were no costumes or uniforms given to anyone anything else.

Dylan: Maybe not, but in reality they're not. The glass shaping itself over itself.

MacLean's: The glass? What glass?

Dylan: The glass in the room... of the woman [laughs]. There really aren't any women there. [laughs]

MacLean's: I know I know... and Bob Dylan wasn't really there. I spent four hours everything else there, but God knows why.

Dylan: That's right.

MacLean's: Are you trying to be elusive or are you seriously trying to help me understand?

Dylan: All I'm trying to do is tell the truth about what happened in the mask. The mask that was made for me, I used to take off the mask myself, I used to take it off myself. The mask is taken off from the face. The mask is taking anything.

MacLean's: But what about the fact that you were trying to protect?

Dylan: Well, all different days you want to get different things out of your freakage, how they change from day to day. It's just a never-ending world.

MacLean's: You've become a person of at least anthropological status or at least some generation. What from your perspective do you see Bob Dylan as being/during?

Dylan: I don't know. I don't deal with that. I only deal on a musical level. You see, I know so much about the people that listen to me. They might listen to me and know what I'm doing, but where I come from, I don't think they might not know and that's what I mean by my answer.

MacLean's: Tell us about those places.

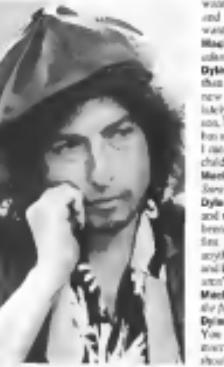
Dylan: First of all, I only know in a certain type of sense, but that which I do know is that it has profoundly changed my life. I'll never hear Woody Guthrie or some other people I have never heard doing what I'm doing—singing and playing my music. Yet how many people who have heard me have heard of them? So when I get through changing and people are looking at me wondering what's going to be next, they don't have any knowledge of my background. People have a knowledge of the superficial things, but they

shouldn't be conscious of these things, they shouldn't be bothered by them. What they should care about is what they think I look like or what I'm wearing, or what my pants' names are. It's not important. If it were, that's where I'd be.

MacLean's: I've had an image of you as a person who has been very mysterious in life.

Dylan: My influences come from a time when things were simpler. Today things are so complicated. I think at least

I'm not politically inclined. My music affects those who are, but who cares?



up in Canada you have more space to breathe, but here things are pretty restricted and people are living much of what happened before. People think of the States as a spiritual, revolutionary state, but if you look at the States you see that they're no different than a lot of other nations in the past. In 1960 we'll most probably be having another revolution.

MacLean's: Do you feel any cultural restraints, any social restraints and the feelings of the people around you, philosophies on which you have to base yourself?

Dylan: I don't have a strong Jewish tradition. If anything, I'm a pagan Jew. Extraterrestrial few, buddhist few. I never knew what those things meant. But I don't know I think it's.

MacLean's: Do you still have the faith in death searching for that perfect person?

Dylan: Oh, I keep looking for that person. **MacLean's:** What makes her/he her?

Dylan: She's got to have a smile on her face. **MacLean's:** Just a little smile?

Dylan: Yeah! [laughs] But you asked me,

so I told you. Or that's gonna be the option if it's true. But I believe we can find that person if we know ourselves real well. Ah, I don't know, I'd write for someone who could just see my print right now.

Mosca: If anyone every wanna write like to become involved with you, do that is probably the best.

Dylan: You mean loves? Well, I'm not too successful in that area so I partly think just keep the friends I've got. I tend not to succeed around too much.

Mosca: How do you see yourself as having changed from sheer chance when you first took the same stick The Times They Are A-Changin'?

Dylan: Well, we change but stay the same. We always go round in some kind of the same place. We don't change as much as we are horrified by feelings along the way and those feelings make us become what we are.

Mosca: And what are you now?

Dylan: Me? What am I? I'm just a musician ... a writer of songs that sing. That's all I can really do. I do that, not this, not good. That's all I do and all I really want to do, and I'll make a move now and then. I'm not particularly interested. My interest isn't in that area, it's just to play music. At least it falls into an somewhere position and hopefully that's what I can do. Like Stevie. 'I'm the blues' was just a cliché at the time I felt that very strongly.

Mosca: Is this why you seemed to not come to get involved with the people on the American anti-war movement?

Dylan: No, no. I knew a lot of those people but I also knew a lot of lesbians. They're not going to ask me to join a lot of campaigns just because I wrote *A Hard Rain's* Coming.

Mosca: One of your songs that most affected me was, "My friends in the press they hate me."

Dylan: How good, how godlike it feels to be free.

Mosca: You and Dylan, and I assume them most godlikefully, like birds free from the cage.

Dylan: The whole world is a person. Life is a prison and it needs the body. But it doesn't only comes from ignorance and knowledge is power. So you because you're out there in the dance facing an endless sky and an unknown nothingness, doesn't necessarily mean you're free. You're trapped on the doors. Only knowledge of either yourself or the ultimate power can get you out of it. I don't know that much.

Mosca: Who do you read to find out?

Dylan: People I read: Dostoevsky, Tolstoy, Chekhov, Henry Miller, Joseph Conrad and Melville.

Mosca: In your film, you were walking through a graveyard with Allen Ginsberg, talking about different areas' governments. You are a government that really like the word "Mankind" and you said, "I won't let any man mark your grave." Why did you say that?

Dylan: Well, there are things that Rosalinda

McMains's. You are being aware.

Dylan: (Laughs) Why an untrained gaze? What a great answer! Anyways, these things are ego trips, isn't it really? Rosalinda is a role that we play in life and the more that has to do with roles that people play. So in that sense he had the father (Ginsberg) talking at some conference down in a room who really is and isn't there, where voice over tells you whether you're not sure of it or Rosalinda or isn't Rosalinda. So you say, it's like we both painting, like you are all of it.

while, I'm not thinking about the money. If the film medium is a time capsule then the film has been worthwhile. If films break down and don't mean anything and don't last well, then...

Mosca: What is it a work of art to you?

Dylan: Okay, you can stand in front of one of Cezanne's paintings for hours and see stages, right? A work of art isn't anything that you can print from a computer to do it, and that while he did time, the universe stopped for her.

Mosca: I only have these conversations that I've had to focus my eyes to draw an understanding of your film. Please now where do begin to understand the conversation of your film.

Dylan: Fortunately you don't have to. Unlike trying to understand Ezra Pound or T.S. Eliot, we don't assume that we know something that you don't know. We're not trying to be aloof in the way that I think Pound is. You don't have to know much about the States, you don't have to know that much about Bob Dylan and Jean Renoir. These are all things of mystery value and because that's what they are, they only seem to be finite. But to understand this means you just have to feel it.

Mosca: But when you deal with film censorship, aren't you run the risk that it won't be understood by the majority of the audience?

Dylan: Look, you're talking about something which is a means of conveying something the screen. You're talking about someone who has studied the art of making a film in some case in the study studio and learned that that is what you do in get this effect. We get our effects, in other words, which never were taught to us, which I just discovered. And I would rather do that than go to film school and learn how you make somebody cry, how you make somebody laugh. There are ways to do that.

Mosca: But you're close to your songs for years.

Dylan: That's because I'm closer to music, and because I do laugh and cry. When I don't know... I'm more interested in freedom and reality.

Mosca: What do you feel you're working towards in your life now?

Dylan: We do what we do in our own lives every minute of every day. And the headlong race to the end, which is perhaps the question. What do we have ahead of us and death? Nothing. Most people are working toward living, one way or God, trying to find him. They want to be one with his infinite power, they want to go home, potassium. From the moment they're born they want to know what they're doing here. I don't think there's anybody who doesn't feel this way. So we do what we can do while we're here and do the best we can.

and that's all we can do. Rosalinda and Celine is a movie. Once it's done, it's done. Anyways, I can't dwell on any one for too long. Once they're done, they're done. This movie, it's done. There will be other movies.

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The sun, the moon and the winds may some day make significant contributions to Canada's power supply. In the meantime we need to make sure the supply is sufficient to meet the demands of a growing Canada.

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Letters

Another doctor's dilemma: 'similar' does not mean 'same'

I must admit I had not only been but also entreated by the impishness in *The Doctor's Dilemma* (February 6) toward my own personal involvement in the practice



Illustration used with 'The Doctor's Dilemma' second-continent opinion.

of medicine. It is necessary during a course of training as a resident an area such as that be given increased responsibility in the decision-making essential in conducting the treatment. At this hearing I insisted all defense of consumer representation, not double booking.

**G. R. MACKENZIE, MD, HEAD
DEPARTMENT OF ANESTHESIA,
UNIVERSITY OF SASKATCHEWAN, REGINA**

I felt Michael Power did an excellent job of summarizing and reporting on Dr. John Maxon (see newsworthy and that Maxon has finally come of age and is truly Canada's newswagoner.

RAYMOND LARL, CRIME INVESTIGATOR

Living in Saskatchewan, we are going to the periodic publicity which the news media lavish on Dr. John Maxon. It is true that there were catalysts involved in myself and Maxon but that had been an ongoing process for a number of months, occasioned by his refusal to co-operate not only with myself but also with other members of the staff. Eventually as the head of the Department of Anesthesia, I was forced to request the executive director of the division to fire him on February 20, 1988. He did so reluctantly as he was having due to the continuing difficulties that was being caused by the doctor. After having received complaints from other sources, the University Hospital Board decided to establish a panel of consultants to review just where the institution stood. It was not Maxon as much as your article suggests who was the instigator to investigate his patients. It is a matter of record that he agreed that he had been given ample opportunity to explain

his concerns. So much for the "closed society". At the conclusion of the hearing, after having interviewed many other persons, the panel recommended to the University Hospital Board that Maxon's hospital privileges be withdrawn.

**C. GORDON M. WENTZ, MD
PROFESSOR OF ANESTHESIA, UNIVERSITY OF SASKATCHEWAN, REGINA**

An unmeritocratic omission

Author Barbara Amiel, in *An Appearance of Safety* (February 6), is yet another Canadian (and doesn't realize that Canada extends east past Halifax, or perhaps she does) and is implying that Newfoundlanders don't keep figures.

MICHAEL DROUIN, SPRINGDALE, NF

Macdonald's error

I take strong exception to you quoting from Doug Nyf (Previous, March 6) who wrote a short article in *Car and Truck* magazine on the right-hand drive Lada automobile which would be marketed in the United Kingdom. To my knowledge Mr. Nyf has never driven the 1988 Lada that we will be offering to the Canadian public, so therefore it comes to me slightly irresponsible that you should quote an article over a year old written about a car that we will be introducing in the fall of 1989. And, by coincidence, starting this fall the same car that will be marketed by us is dangerous. This is certainly not the case since the car has been rigorously tested under North American safety controls and has passed all safety standards.

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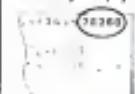
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Surviving sailors

I was fortunate to meet the remarkable Steve Pritchett, one of the few remaining survivors of the泰坦尼克号沉没事件 (January 23). I remember being told, some 25 years ago, that I had a great uncle who survived the sinking of the泰坦尼克号 and vaguely remembered visiting him in Bournemouth, England, around that time. Not having seen, nor having heard from him for 25 years, you can imagine my surprise on reading about him and seeing his photograph in a Canadian magazine. Congratulations, Steve!

Not only do you print first-class material,

but you also fill in the blanks in a family tree.

B. H. MCMAHON CALGARY

In *A Night Ship Remained Safe* (February), you give us an interesting but not quite correct account of the sinking of the泰坦尼克号. The ship was capable of doing 24 to 25 knots in **Pacific** waters. However, due to the fact that there was a cold strike in Southampton at the time, the ship had to wait for the weather to improve before making its impossible for her to reach such speed. Furthermore, I disagree with Pritchett when he states that "an hour after the collision the



The泰坦尼克号沉没事件

What would you do if a Greek fisherman handed you 22 pounds of fresh squid and walked off with a grin and a wave?



Frankly, we didn't know what to do. But the kids did.

They marched us down to the nearest grocery and asked the owner to let us have some paper bags for us. Mindful he just smiled and took them inside. After a few friendly grins, a lot of gesturing and some haggling, we paid him down to a gourmet meal: my family, the two广场上的人们, and several of the taverna's patrons. It was a great evening! We trust Greeks like that everywhere we went.



This is Santorini, where whitewashed villages show brightly in the sun and sleep, trigger cliffs.



These steps lead up to the Achillion Palace, a lush, landscaped grounds dotted with prettily woven seats of ivy.

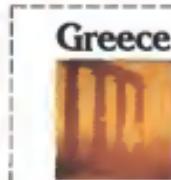
The longer we stayed in Greece the more difficult it became to leave. We fell in love with the variety of the people, the climate, and especially the people. We were definitely going back next year.



On the volcanic island of Rhodes, we arrived by boat, then chartered a donkey to take us up the sheer, steep eastern limestone escarpment. According to legend, the ancient poet He Savonius, was really the site of Atlantis.



On Crete, we discovered why artists and authors have traditionally been lured to this island. It's part of the greatest island in the Mediterranean, surrounded by the bluest of waters. While there, we visited the Achillion Palace, the old summer palace of Empress Sisi. Elizabeth of Austria. It's a museum today.



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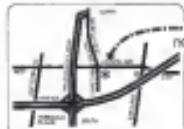
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Out of the Plain Brown Wrapper

Congratulations! It has now become a matter of pride to have a copy of *Machiavelli's* greasing the living-room sofa available. It used to be necessary to go directly to the publisher to get a copy of the manuscript and to ask for a copy in the back door. In the past I considered it my "Canadian duty" to read *Machiavelli's* every new issue and again it has now become a pleasure. I enjoyed your sweet story on the Clerk Of War (January 9) and I am always discovering many interesting and provocative articles.

GLEN A. WHEELER VANCOUVER

To hell with Big Brother

Reading about Gerry McNeil's unhappy experience with the Supreme Court's decision on provincial income taxation in *Their Shah Is See* (February 6) prompted me to urge that provincial governments be severely disciplined. This must be done before our freedoms are eclipsed by ungrateful Fathers trying to preserve a sanctimonious morality. Are we a nation of self-determining people? If Rutherford, et cetera, say so, then let me be told how to live!

RANDY E. WHEELER GANANOQUE, ONT

Something you can bank on: After reading Alan Fotheringham's column, *Why Keeping Your Money Is A Good Idea*

Sink It As Increasingly Better Idea (January 23). I feel guilty rushing to my work to put as much distance from Canada as possible. As you mentioned, the cost of oil is a serious problem, and ours of the few which can compete with the American colossus expand in the Caribbean and serve as a country as large as ours.

C. R. BARNES WATERLOO, ONTARIO

I feel that the alternative in the banking system is the crude answer—a financial co-operative owned and operated by consumers on a non-profit basis in Canada, which would divide the economy up into the public and the private sector. But in fact there

is a third or an on-sector—controlled by users rather than by investors—which operates according to principles of self-help, self-government, Housing, food, clothing, day care, credit and insurance could all be obtained on a consumer basis. And here of all, no one has to wait for the powers that be to implement better living or starting a co-operative.

LARRY KAZDAN TORONTO

From *to judgment*

I found your close-up of Rush "Te Nell With Bob Dylan" (January 23) to be an excellent review of how they presented in the Canadian rock music scene. Rush has



Boys in concert: local boys make good

achieved international recognition and has made it easier for those who follow. I'm pleased that someone is acknowledging the potential market for rock music.

KAREN BULMER TORONTO

Most people who are looking out the window of a hotel near Cobo Hall at the Windsor waterfront see the Detroit River and the St. Clair River, as noted in "Te Nell With Bob Dylan." Maybe Neil Peart is able to see 25 miles in the middle of the night.

SHAWN REED OTTAWA

In my opinion, "Te Nell With Bob Dylan" is a somewhat superficial look at the Canadian rock group. The success of the band is measured in financial terms only. The symbolic aspect of the musical association simply does not have anything to do with a corporate enterprise. I think a harsh case could be made with a more commercial band—a fusion which comprises the vast majority of today's music scene. Rush displays a musical strategy which makes the band most worthy of its recent financial success. Rush's progressive style and artistic deviation puts it 10 years ahead of its elusive Canadian rival. For this reason alone Rush should be congratulated.

GLENNE HEDDERSON NORTH VANCOUVER

Why don't we all be friends?

I would like to congratulate John Crispie for his stand in "What Saskatchewan Don't Understand About Their Own Way They Live" (January 8). I am sure he does not have many chances to survive on his views. I do not understand why the press wants to appear. It has always seemed a special attorney. Why should it receive more? If another ethnic group wanted to separate from the rest of Canada the government would protest. I believe that if Quebec decides to separate, it will have an unstable economy. Several banks and com-

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Gordon Sinclair & friends

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CFRB 1010

The people people listen to

peoples are pulling out of Quebec, and many new initiatives could result from the separation. People in the West Coast are far away from Ottawa and feel too often the rest of Canada and consequently may decide to go it on their own. The East Coast looks at separating and joining the United States. I believe that everyone should begin working together and trying to reach a solution to Canada's problems. With a little time and effort a solution could be worked out.

ANNIE BROOKESKI HOWTH, ONT

To a Canadian newsmagazine that on the surface appears to promote a united Canada if first you are watching the gap between the French-speaking and English-speaking populations of the country. Each year in Michael's Economic Report segment about separation. If you have a sore on your arm, and you continue to pick at it, it rapidly becomes worse, and before you know it, the whole limb is infected. I believe that if you continue to pit both sides against each other, that separation will become a reality.

KIRK S. HILDE MATAQUIS, BC

Comments never die

I felt enthusiastic after reading your interview with Michaelson Begin (February 4). At last two courageous men have decided that a settlement of a certain problem can be achieved. It's encouraging to me that an effort is being made to find common ground from which mutual understanding can follow. I do feel disappointed, however, in seeing Begin referring to the old fear of a progressive takeover by the Soviet Union. I believe that manipulating the feelings of apprehension between the United States and the Soviet Union will never contribute to a solution of the Middle East situation.

REV. CHRISTIAN R. KELLY, TORONTO

In case you hadn't noticed...
Mike Lewis has reached a new low with the pieces of Bill Gauckler and his Pet of the Month in *New Peoples* (February 6). It was most disgusting. Gauckler would like people to think that he rescued the body and soul. They were here embryos before he was.

TRINE RUSSELL, GRANGEVILLE, ONT

Business besides business

As a secondary school teacher who has been directly involved with student travel, I was interested in your article, 'All To Be Known And How The World Before You' (February 23). However I object to the inference that a study tour is an education disaster. Any teacher who has participated in such an activity knows that months of detailed preparation go into each trip to ensure that students get the most out of the trip. The students themselves do various types of research on the language, culture and customs of the countries to be visited. In addition, teachers help to organize vari-

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MARGARET M. BROWN THROCKMORTON

Two rights don't make a wrong
I would like to applaud the authoritativeness of your article, "It's An Honour To Do An Honour" (February 1) concerning the hybridization of the Indian and English languages into Bilingual. Your writer gets it like it is but I will applaud at the thought of legitimizing the abomination. Rather, I propose that Bilingualism Royal Canadians, including their sons and daughters, make the effort of enrolling in an educational program to acquire them selves with standard Indian in its purified form and an English equivalent and not mandate two languages for communication competency. If such is the case maybe the solution to our national unity problem would be to name "Francophone".

DR. ANTHONY DELESTE, TORONTO

Not to be taken at face value

I can't help but be bothered by the interpretation of "The Troubadour" by Barbara Amiel, with 4 in "For Appearance's Sake" (February 8). If pretty Debbie Tugwell had her friends spend 90 minutes preparing in fact the world each day, that amounts to approximately 10 hours per week or a total 40 hours per month, it takes a certain level of pson to look at herself daily as a mirror for the length of time and, frankly, I want no part of that.

MARILYN PAR, VANCOUVER

By the sounds of "For Appearance's Sake" Debbie The Troubadour is developing a class of people geishas all dressed up to the nines for the sake of playing the role. If that's what they want that's fine, but I would like to take a moment to advise them about the real art of the man or woman. Furthermore, actors on the road are probably carrying possible rockin' movies for their choices to use, but I don't think I want my bus driver to take a break to make sure his makeup is still rocking.

CAROLE R. MARSH, READING, CONNECTICUT

As far as the last-right, think-best, man-made mood of '78 is concerned, over to you. But don't hurt that that can be maintained as progress or we return to unity. It could be a simple case of reactionary back-left, right-wing conservatism, vastly shallower, and abusing the personal power at the expense of democracy and compassion.

MARION HEDDERICK, TORONTO

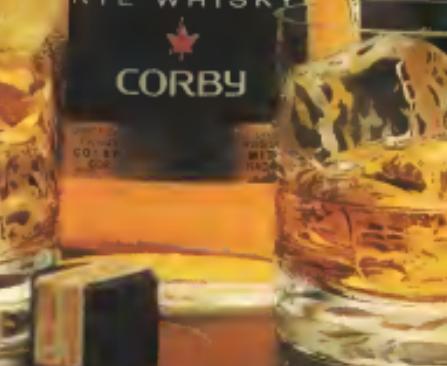
Perhaps Barbara Amiel would care to supplement my Ontario Grade 8 Schoolship in order to know the manner to which she applies clear standards should be reinstated. The problem is poverty not a lack of fashion sense. Let's give one more cheer for the utter myopia of the privileged elite.

R. R. WARSH, TORONTO

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If you still don't believe the medium is the message, talk to René Lévesque

Column by David Thomas

From the waist up, René Lévesque is reassuringly respectable in his subdued jacket and carefully-looking-as-if-worn-well suit. Below the belt, the Quebec premier is a mass of wrinkled jeans and a scuffed "Whistler" No. 10 leather belt. His comments rarely focus on a professor's level of detail.

Inside Quebec's National Assembly building, questions revolve about a single group of people looking like the old English Church: the ones who still value their white blazer given with more or any baby blue. It will make a starkly agreeable background to the province's newest talk show scheduled to debut with the other new programs at the start of the fall session.

Across the street, Lévesque stands on the platform of the provincial Department of Education and paces before a core cabinet crew of unionized California whom \$300,000 production costs were quickly covered by the government of Quebec. The魁北克派閥 has been here since the days of René Lévesque, the Death Star there.

Meanwhile, Liberal leadership against Raymond Gagnon's more pointed than realistic Ryan then turns away from a television debate in a journey where politics and its TV are so entrenched that the defeated premier may well succeed would-be winner nowhere without his massive coalition there and whose hair spray and perfume point were considered within a bi-monthly racial case. Robert Bourassa, always weaker than real, more vulnerable on television than in the flesh and whom he was ousted from the air in November 1976, is fading faster than Parris' white-hair roots.

Quebec's emergence from unquestioned assimilation to民族主义 would never have happened without television independence. If it never, only recently be seen, the remarkable result of the referendum, 35 years ago, of the case into English and French networks. While English Canada and the rest moved to the United States for cheap, mass programming, Radio-Canada turned Quebec into itself. One of the result was René Lévesque. He was a journalist specializing in world events; he discovered that, for television, a nation-wide struggle for independence is a tiny medium, stunning with passion, conflict,

characterization, suspense and surprise.

The mid-century orthodoxy of Quebec, Lévesque and a fractured culture, found out from being greatly marginalized by the English-speaking majority, the head of state of France or Ontario or simple Canada can change the course of events inside Quebec. The evolution of the two minorities in increasing isolation from each other. Once English-Canadians had access to Quebecers through news paper circulation of their journals and

country, Canada and Britain have pulled back from the principle of division, reviving language and national pride to vestigial the rest of the world had forgotten.

The province's political leaders and towns are an anachronous survivor to which appear had instant access for the price of a drowsy stock, a spurious of currency or merely a violent reminder. None learned to use the power of television more quickly than the racist despots and religious authoritarians of its moment suffering oppression or discrimination.

Electoral of the Parti Québécois was neither a result nor a cause of an increase in popular discontent for political freedom. But, because Lévesque's vision of separation was so compelling as a scenario, so packed with their entertainment value for purveyors of news, his election suddenly gave him unlimited air time and access of space in newspapers and magazines around the globe.

Quebec's future is being planned by a small group of media wizards, led of course by Lévesque himself.

The essential importance of the media in this place is clear in the days of an anti-Ottawa preoccupation, brought by strikes against three major news papers, the purchasing of a half-hour television slot every second Saturday night to Lévesque's air, his ballot and the government's intention to foist creation of a Quebec news agency to supplant the French service of *The Canadian Press*.

Lost in all this is the reality that mass support for separation is still stuck at around 35% while it has been flagging for years. This does not mean that either will ignore dry of news value, one can be considered ignored both by Lévesque and the media.

Quebec's postmodern search toward independence is a classic media event, more image than reality and meaning that would not have started and could not continue without the protection of its observers. The essential disconnect will show whether, in the age of the electronic revolution, image creates reality.



David Thomas is Quebec City correspondent for Maclean's

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Maclean's

Preview

A little more hope for generations yet unborn

With new techniques in surgery—still at the thesis research stage—the term "born again" may very well become literal as well as figurative. American researchers have perfected in monkeys the technique of removing a fetus from the womb, doing surgical procedures on it, then returning it to the womb for normal delivery at term. They have kept the fetus outside the womb for up to two hours, and have successfully performed the surgery on fetuses between two-fifths and two-thirds of the way through the gestation period. In human application, this means that a number of diseases and deformities might be correctable at a prenatal stage, and not result in either intrauterine abortion or malformed severely handicapped babies. One likely application would be in cases of open hydrocephalus which affects about one baby in 800 the outcome simply don't fare. According to Dr. Edward

Taub, assistant Mary Williams, and "Wanda," back to the womb



Taub of Washington's Institute for Behavioral Research, it can, in early prenatal detection, be corrected surgically. No experiments have been done with humans yet, but by Taub's reckoning, "the time for human application is now, today."

A small town in jeopardy

Grande Cache is not, to put it charitably, the garden spot of Alberta, but at the tender age of nine, it's too young to die. Die it might, however, if its reason of being—the mining of metallurgical coal, mostly for export to Japan—is stripped away. As it stood, as Maclean's went to press, the Japanese contracts had not been renewed and there was some feeling that they just might not be. The Japanese steel industry is cutting back production, because of inflation and recession, and this small town in Canada could be use victim. An 8,000-odd people are all dependent on the McIntrye mine, and if it goes, gets the town. Such rumors are running strong, and will continue to do so probably into the first week of April when, according to the mine's general manager J. J. Crowhurst, the Japanese deal should be settled, one way or the other.

In remembrance of Him

It won't challenge the pageants of Rome, or the Holy Land, but the Good Friday observance by the Blood Indians of

southern Alberta is no less an aesthetic, and at least as moving. Every year since 1971, they—the young, the old, the half and the lame—have made a 12-mile trek, "The sacrifice walk," from the three Blood Reserve churches to the St. Mary's Roman Catholic Mission. Each of the three process-



The "sacrifice walk" of last year: the way of the cross

ions carries a nine-foot wooden cross and the marchers—almost 600 last year—recite rosaries and chant prayers. That year, on March 24, even more are anticipated, while began with Catholic Indians, it now includes Protestants and whites as well. The walk began when some of the older people, responding to a student's march for poor people, told soon-to-be organizer Father Joseph Regier—that "they wouldn't walk for money, but would make a sacrifice with us." Good Friday to commemorate Christ."

Prosaic justice

Richard Nixon's attempt to cash in on his recent popularity is to go a little near it turns out that he's only managed some \$35,000 out of the David Frost interview. And that's not all. He has given \$1.6 million and raised \$1.2 million for the suggested permanent exhibit of *That's Not My House*, written by the indicated conservative in his right-wing *Right Wing*. In working title, *My House* will be a comic, as well. Bill Ripley, the American publishing industry's newsletter, described the non-impact of the *Houseman* book as "a bit like a bomb that exploded in a vacuum." What helped very little, was one reply—and besides, who wants to shell out \$19.95 for anything Nixon's done? Another was more subtle. That's an awful lot of money to read Cicero's speeches. Nonetheless, the publisher, George Allen & Son, was buying the advance orders for the Nixon book, just purchased in May, are atrocious, and an equity increase \$500,000 from just six months ago.



Canada

The Cosset Affair: sometimes the bull wins



Tom Cosset had always been a "runner," an exuberant member of Parliament. A Tory from eastern Ontario, he usually hopped up to Ottawa to ask questions—about what? What was the Prime Minister's favorite book? Why did the ministering angel at St. Sulpice? Why did the minister have a \$70,000 Cadillac instead of a *Foucault*? An ardent right-winger and a letter in his own name, Cosset was also known for his paroxysms of rage against emerging Conservatives. So when he was in the House of Commons last month to charge that over half the staff of the Soviet Embassy were KGB agents—spying on a leading top-secret RCMP report—no one paid much attention. Said Security General Jean-Jacques Blain: "Cosset just comes down here and runs on."

But the fallout from Cosset's latest broadsides enveloped Parliament Hill as the government and the press revised their estimate of the 56-year-old insurance agent from Sudbury. When Blain cracked Cosset's charges, it became obvious that the MP possessed highly confidential reports of sensitive information the government had been trying to protect. In the government, to plug the source of the leak, touched off a debate on one of the most delicate issues facing parliament—the rights and privileges of an MP as a protecting source of information. In the end, that issue will determine Cosset's fate, who quickly became inadvertent Tom

though the actor busily gathered evidence for possible charges against him under the Official Secrets Act—and, so far as to seize files from the CIV and Global networks—Cosset will probably be let off the hook.

If the government hasn't tried to let a skilled politician like Cosset act as a gadfly, the issue might never have been raised. Cosset had been making almost daily allegations of Soviet spying operations in the country since the middle of last month. As usual, his accusations seemed hard to prove—but the issue was actively helped. Canadians, it turned out, had tens of millions of dollars worth being loaned abroad. Canada's central bank, in turn, was bringing in foreign exchange to meet them. Cosset's charges were mounting arms. But with his charge that the Soviet embassy was riddled with spies, the never-concluded Cosset had one of their documents—a 40-page report entitled "Canadian Related Activities of the Russian Intelligence Service"—dated March 26, 1976.

When the government finally acted, it was with a surprising heavy-handedness that initially shocked Trudeau's semi-modest Opposition Leader, Joe Clark, seeking help to retrieve the document. Clark angrily waved his hands at the matter. Then Blain and Michael Dure, head of the new Security Service, paid Cosset a surprise visit in his office. Threats of an offence, search, possible arrest and charges if the



document was not given up by a certain deadline merely named Cosset into a martyr—something he has been unable to achieve on his own despite years of trying. "I won't be arrested," he repeatedly told reporters. "If they want me to go to jail then I'll go." When the deadline arrived, Cosset signed Blain by saying he didn't have the specific document requested.

What is worrisome about the Cosset affair is that neither the opposition nor the press was ready to believe government claims that the documents held by Cosset posed a threat to national security. The government has conceded that there is no threat in the plan to suppress political espionage, which is why it is still before the Keele inquiry. As ever, activists claim it is increasingly difficult for Trudeau to sell the notion that all he wants to do is protect the country. The government's argument used even more specious when it became known that at least 50 copies of the report were in circulation.

In all, no one came out looking good. If Trudeau had behaved to read the documents before sending the team to get it back, he might not have remained a rock superstar. "I wish the guys would take the time to read it," lamented one aide. "Dense again. He's taking the [secret] word for it." Clark's performance is even more puzzling. He neither denied Cosset's retrieval of the document nor sought to defend one of his men from the issue. It was only after Cosset and he didn't have the material that Clark became more outspoken—when he was safe.

For Cosset, a lifelong Liberal named Conservative in 1972 because of the government's bilingualism program, it seemed a justification and a celebration of



a career of out-poking Trudeau's "canopy complex." But grandstanding doesn't mix well with genuine national interests, and the whole thing may backfire for the Tories, who, just before an election, can afford to appear to be attacking the RAMP—still well-liked despite paragraph 35.

QUEBEC Fighting words

When Dr. Claude Lévesque Québec's minister for cultural development, received an advance copy of the *Maclean's* & *America* article which described his white paper on culture as "the most arrogant article in the debate" during recent leadership interviews with Louis and François Dupuis, who was the Cultural Development Minister's chief adviser in drafting the provisions of the white paper, Lévesque checked his facts with private sources in a variety of quarters affected by the white paper.

Not dry, Lévesque rose to the National

total refugee draws a bleak picture of Quebec with the explicit conclusion that the sooty oil cannot come up with a cultural policy that does not reflect rigorous governmental control or stifling stagnation in all areas which bear in any way on the mind and the life creativity. In other words this society is always just two fingers away from fascism." He went on to say that the most efficient way to ignore the government could make would be to release the white paper.

Despite this and other criticisms, MacLean's & America stood behind its article when David Thomas, the magazine's Quebec City correspondent, had a meeting with Louis and François Dupuis, who was the Cultural Development Minister's chief adviser in drafting the provisions of the white paper. Thomas also checked his facts with private sources in a variety of quarters affected by the white paper.

As the attacks on MacLean's began reaching wider proportions, Marc L'Amoreaux, editor of the right wing Montreal *Herald*, Mireille Hesse obtained a leaked copy of the white paper composed it with the *Maclean's* article and went on television to say that he felt that "it seems they have the right attitude." Most of the information in the article is accurate." However he took objection to the phrase "cultural autonomy," saying that the white paper "spiritually rejects a biological approach and recognises the importance of the English and French communities to Quebec." (MacLean's) "never got this reference should have had 'integration'"—the phrase published was the result of a sequence of editing errors.)

The character of the whole controversy was abruptly transformed with the publication of a long, rather interview with Lévesque in the separatist assembly in Quebec. In it, Lévesque confirmed many of the points in the *America*'s article, making it clear the government was planning an interventionist strategy. Calling the Quebec government "the only capitalist we [Quebecois] have," Lévesque said, "We are going to proceed in our way, by letting what is French in the cultural area and by respecting the rest."

The *Montreal Star* responded by

Assembly on a point of privilege and in a rare statement in the Assembly an English speaker attacked the article as "false, distorted and vicious" and a "perfect example of foreign journalism and, and by intent, unfortunately for too well-known political purposes. One of these is strategic. The purpose of this is to stir up antagonism and lead to bias, not that means or benefit extrapolations." Premier René Lévesque joined the debate in his weekly press conference, charging that it "is a sort of comment from a lone muckraker... where practically anything goes against the Quebec government."

Frenzied reaction was immediate, and the controversy dominated front pages for several days. *Le Devoir* publisher Michel Roy wrote that the article put "Racinephobic people and society as a whole under a cloud. For us Canadian readers, the in-



The cover of the March 1977 issue of 'Ici Québec' (left) and the March issue of 'Maclean's' and 'Le Devoir' (below), the eyes of the beholder?

Please don't drink the water

Held the latest ecology joint? A Mexican and his bride decide to honeymoon in Canada. As they're relaxing, their hotel's a neighbor shouts some advice: "No lotion or soap!"

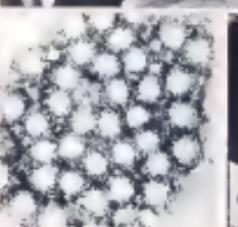
Why says it can't happen here? Evidence is gathering teeth from many industrialized countries that drinking water isn't as safe as it should be—just look at the Sales of bottled spring, mineral and distilled water have quadrupled in Canada since 1968; home water purifiers are common, and there is nothing so common in a report just released by the Department of Health and Welfare which tracks water supplies in 70 Canadian municipalities over the past year. Among other nasty organic and man-made substances every sample contained chemicals called halogen chlorides. At one point scientists believed these substances were in the water because they were in the air.

Today is, thus, been few technological changes in Canadian water-treatment plants over the past 50 years even the most advanced ones generally rely on the old tried-and-tested combination of filtration and chlorine. Meanwhile water flowing into these plants from rivers and lakes is often increasingly contaminated by raw sewage and hundreds of synthetic organic chemicals.

About 80-90% of this waste is destroyed in the purification process. It is only been within the last five years that scientists have begun discovering minute traces of chlorine-resistant chemicals and viruses, including polio, hepatitis and gastroenteritis (a severe kind of diarrhea) in drinking water. By far though, the largest portion of these chemicals are halogenates—by-products of the chlorination process.

Evidence of medical cases is hard to document. Dr. Martin Goldfield, research director for the New Jersey health department, says recently in Denver. Outbreaks of disease caused by contaminated water are found by accident. Yet outbreaks of real or potential water-borne sickness have recently been reported such as the mercury-contaminated English Wabigoon River in northeastern Ontario, where Indians are now showing symptoms of mercury poisoning. But the vast majority of less dramatic cases pass unnoticed. When North Americans are of the mistaken idea that if there were adverse health effects we would be told," Goldfield said.

The current Canadian Drinking Water Standards and Objectives, introduced in 1968, do not include any chlorine or chlorine-related organic substances. This revision is expected this spring. Meanwhile in the United States, the Environmental Protection Agency introduced in February proposals which would bring about the



A little girl taking her vitamins (top). A microphotograph reveals what lies in a water supply sample (bottom) and of the pollutants we need to purify, but . . .



find themselvesader-faltering between the beneficial effects of chlorine and all the bad substances to classify water and its possible side effects. In Canada health officials are taking a wait-and-see approach to halogenines until more tests are conducted. The Americans have decided to evaluate first, necessary all treatment plants in municipalities whose populations over 50,000. Other municipalities will follow.

Halogenate levels in the 70 Canadian municipalities tested, according Peter Toffel, chief of the Environment Standards Division and author of the report, are highly variable, depending on time and season. Yet judging from his study, which did not account for seasonal variations, at least nine municipalities would be required to make fundamental changes to their water-treatment if upcoming Canadian standards resemble those just proposed by the Americans. The nine worst Canadian problem centers are Regis, Pemberton and Cayuga in Ontario, Trois-Rivieres, Quebec, Halifax and Dartmouth in Nova Scotia, Grand Falls and Gander in Newfoundland.

North American health officials now

realizing that it was increasingly difficult to take教训 seriously: "Last week, for example, he was busy denouncing an old friend of the Park Guards for his interpretation of what may become the white paper on cultural development. Now he appears in a question-and-answer article in a separate magazine virtually containing everything David Thomas had written for Maclean's."

Despite the new developments, however, Lévesque responded in question about the controversy by circulating photocopies of a column William Johnson had written in the Toronto Globe and Mail, in which he argued that "there is a part" in the Lévesque argument that there is "a sort of common front" in the paper, and that both Maclean's and The Montreal Starview articles put the government in a bad light. Johnson was extremely critical of the Maclean's article in two separate articles in The Globe and Mail and traced his personal involvement on the case in mid-November.

Ottawa

The greenback blues

For weeks, finance ministers had been expecting the Bank of Canada to raise interest rates to arrest the fall of the dollar in international currency exchanges. The difference in prime lending rates between Canada and the United States had dropped from a high of four percentage points in the fall of 1976 to just 0.5 percentage points. Simultaneously the dollar had fallen in value from \$1.05 (U.S.) to 89 cents in American interests, no longer attracted by high Canadian interest rates kept their money at home. An interest rate hike seemed assured, but the Bank, wedded to its monetarist view that the dollar should be allowed to float freely, and the government, not wanting to strengthen domestic in-

vestment with higher borrowing costs, resisted. The government chose instead to borrow money abroad itself to bolster the dollar and was to New York for snapping up \$790 million (U.S.).

The loan was sheet as effective as a snowshoe in a avalanche, and the dollar kept ploughing. By March 8, it had dropped to 80.6 cents, the lowest level since June 1973, when the dollar was selling for \$1.5 cents. Finally the Bank announced it was increasing the "bank rate"—the nation's highest interest rate—from 7.5% to 8%. The next day, the dollar rose by 89 cents and it seemed the crisis was over—at least as the Americans didn't base their interest rates on it!

Some analysts believe the Bank acted too late and that the country is now stuck with a elevated dollar and higher interest rates. It would have been better to let the dollar slide they argue, because then at least Canadian exports would receive a boost. But Gerald Brown, governor of the Bank, has declared that the dollar was "going to stay flat." For long an excess of trade advances over one dollar a period would not be helpful in raising Canada's international competitiveness position on a durable basis because if the risk that it would undermine the substantial progress Canada has made to date in countering inflation, he said.

A falling dollar also has an adverse effect

*The banks' last price received for the dollar was 86.68 cents on Friday, March 10.

developmental impact on Canadian exports because of the inflated belief that it should be worth 100 cents and, if it is not, something is wrong. "You should have called it the 'purple leaf' instead of the dollar," U.S. Treasury Secretary Michael Blumenthal told Finance Minister Jean Chrétien during a Ottawa visit.

Finally, there was considerable political pressure on the government to support the dollar. Daily in the House of Commons, Chrétien was being interrogated by Conservatives, primarily Finance critic Steven Stenberg, about the lack of government action in an election year, that year.

The move could backfire, however, if it results in slowing down the pace of recovery in the Canadian economy. Ironically, it was Stenberg who, the day after the Bank's announcement, rose in the Commons to ask Chrétien how he could justify such a move "when so many are out of work in this country."

IAN CHURCHILL

Strange things done

Sidney Pearson, junior lawyer in the legal advisor's office of the Yukon government, had an unusual assignment on his hands. The territory's commissioners Arthur Pearson had asked him to prepare a legal opinion



Pearson and the Yukon's cost of living were a word to the wise not sufficient?

on whether the commissioners could be levied a charge laid against a former lawyer for the Council of Yukon Indians. What made the incident remarkable was Pearson's by-the-way request that Pearson not mention the matter to his legal adviser, Paddington O'Donnoghue—the man who had laid the charge in the first place.

Pearson prepared a 10-page handwritten opinion on Augus 10, 1978, and delivered it personally on Monday morning. In it he advised that the charge be before the court, she would have to be dealt with, and that Pearson had no right to intervene. For all that Pearson ignored the advice and the charge of profuse and re-

conduct against Whitstone lawyer Allen Lusk, who is a close friend of the commissioner, was withdrawn. An inquiry headed by Lawyer J.J. Sennett is now investigating Pearson's behaviour.

An internal spin-off in the Council for Yukon Indians boosted not the broad-based party, but under continuing pressure finally ordered the Senate inquiry. Testimony is now complete and Sennett will bring his report to the Senate next month.

Whether the outcome of the hearings for the inquiry will actually benefit the Yukon Indians is a critical stage, the independent witness of the commissioners and the government in general has strengthened the lobby for greater political autonomy in the Yukon and administration of the present semi-national system. As a federal civil servant, the commissioner is regarded as an agent of Ottawa and Pearson's opposition was particularly unpopular because he was perceived as being "inside." Before Faulkner visited Whitehorse earlier this month, the most Yukoners could wrong from him was the opinion that appointing Yiuksis results in some governments posts won "very desirable."

PULLING OUT

QUEBEC

To the aid of the party

On the eve of the last debate preceding the fall Quebec Liberalists chose their date for the April 15 to start their campaign. They chose the same day as the Quebecois Raymonde Gagnon. Co-chair Claude Rybo had been pushing up various coalition voter turnout figures and giving the impression he could beat Gagnon in one-on-one polling percentages. Then Gagnon struck back—and immediately reversed his initial boast. He issued



André Boisclair (right) and Ryan, marching his book (below), a vendetta of omission



André Boisclair under

noted that prices will rise as well as re-investments by the year 2002. The union calculated using the same assumptions as the coalition, a loss of benefit will cost \$180 billion by the time it is 2002. This Public Service Association responded with its own analysis deflating the indexed pensions and

Such hyperbole aside, there are indeed

supporters now. Montreal from across the province and placed them in the cross hairs to their benefit. The big question is: Will Raymonde Gagnon be able to hold her own against Ryan, who is all upside, give one of his policies. Party officials publicly represented the Quebecois campaign for defeating the right by distributing pamphlets that, in extreme, misstated the

beginning anyway and Gagnon just onward. "After Sharrako when Mr. Ryan's people came up with a group to pick the bill, I never looked real bad, I was so constipated, I just thought, You know, in politics we never get paid—just get a case."

As the campaign shifts to the question with Ryan and Gagnon fighting for



disagreements by noting the Quebec Liberal Party has reason to be pleased by the campaign. Although Rybo now seems to be in the lead, Gagnon's performance has kept him strongly in the race—and the closeness of the election has heightened interest in the race. The size of their lead really. The Montreal Sunday newspaper *Montagne* published a political poll showing the Liberals ahead of the Parti Québécois in popularity (40% to 38%). For the first

time since November 13, and Premier René Lévesque admitted no poll had shown similar results.

Both Ryan and Gagnon have set themselves pursuing mandates, underscoring Quebec's desire to be the outcome of an election campaign. Ryan's mandate was formidable since he was able to put his 15 years and *Le Droit* to great use. Campaigns are pressing upon the familiar 182-page FLQ book titled *Le Soufflé Soufflé*, a selection of editorials. Although Rybo did not like the selection, one item which may have helped Gagnon is notably absent: the November 13, 1976, editorial in which Ryan endorsed the Park Québec. GRAHAM FRAMER

VICTORIA

Dial-A-Campus

Brian Cuthbertson, president of Sir George's account for \$30,000 to return to his wife for her Master's degree. The libra-



Conway, Herdlick and McGinn during the first day of school at Cuthbert where wells do not uniformly make either

described by Cuthbert, who headed a study group on the project in "geographically and socially isolated." The Open Learning Association will also offer people who like their learning environment. "It's just a matter of how many," he says. "I just want everyone to know you don't have to Grade 10," says Conway. "The way you can easily upgrade yourself."

Education Minister Pat McLean, a former professor of British Columbia, was published after a visit from Sir George that resulted in an agreement to exchange personnel and course materials during the contract was "the best of all kinds." Meanwhile, his deputy minister, Dr. Walter Herdlick, was proudly explaining how much that will be capitalized the whole world wide to benefit from their mistakes. [There are many local British Columbia Spots. We're doing things my thoughts can't even conceive but are being born out of existence.] But they are also going out to people in their own backyard, providing assistance

The future will not be taking care of itself

It has been a bad month for federal public servants. First, they were hit with a bill freezing their wages directly to those in the private sector. If they were told their pensions would no longer be automatically indexed to the cost of living. This public service unions responded by voting to invoke the changes as election issue or worse. This will result in more strike action. Lastly predicted Alan Stewart, president of the 180,000-member Public Service Alliance.

Public service pay and pensions have lately become a popular target—some might say whipping boy—as governments at all levels grapple for remedies for inflation. Federal, provincial and municipal public service unions, it is often pointed out, bargained for wage increases that averaged an astounding 10.5% in 1985, heading the wage-price spiral that led to

the introduction of controls. And the federal public servants—as well as semi-indexed their pensions indexed in 1975 by act of parliament, giving them a built-in protection from inflation that is shared by less than 1% of all employees in the private sector. In their defense, the federal public service unions argue that since they have been fully index-bargaining rights up to 1987. They had a lot of catching up to do. As for pensions, they argue that rather than taking away their protection from inflation, everyone in the private sector should get the benefits of indexing.

The government was under extraordinary public pressure to crack down on public servants and, in the spring election year, could hardly resist. The National Citizens Coalition, for example, was taking ads in newspapers across the country to attack the no-cut pension plan. In essence, the coalition, a right-wing group that claims 20,000 members, calculated that Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, if he were to retire at age 65 (he is now 85), would receive an annual pension of \$180,000 by the time he is 85. This Public Service Association responded with its own analysis deflating the indexed pensions and

examples of abuse in public service pay and pensions at the federal level. Federal economists, for example, are allowed to organize collectively and have achieved a salary level of \$65,000. That is more—up to \$10,000 more—than the pay for managers in the government who are not allowed to bargain collectively. Those semi-public servants are making more than those in the private sector. They can retire at age 65 and still receive a fairly indexed pension in the neighbourhood of \$30,000.

Treasury Board President Robert Aitken is moving to offset these abuses by excluding anyone earning more than \$33,500 from collective bargaining and by removing indexation from pensions for civil servants who retire early. But as stripped short of their moves being used on them in some quarters, a withdrawal of the public service's right to strike and enforcement of an arbitrary cap on public service pensions. In the case of the right to strike, the government believes that it is removed, these will just be illegal strikes at three-year intervals. The right was granted in 1987. In the case of a public service pension, the government chose

to shorten her time spent on campus and the resultant loss of work for her two part-time consulting roles. "It was extremely tedious of time lost," says Cuthbert, who uses herself as the perfect example of someone who could have enjoyed the benefits of an open learning education—granted—but partly on financial grounds. Open learning, being adopted by the federal government in Britain, the Open University called "the university of second chance" by state-chancellor Sir Walter Perry, began offering television lectures in 1971 (the most recent and skeptical among educational authorities and has since granted 28,000 degrees to people who otherwise would have missed university).

"It's Open Learning Institute which provides print projects for self-will use television telephone mail print paper and the facilities of life training in television and community colleges in the promise to deliver everything from Shakespeare to basic-life skills techniques to people

among heads of established universities. Pauline Jewett, president of Simon Fraser University, complained: "We didn't even see the agreement before it was signed. I find it proves conclusively that a government never intended that the foreign aid and development programs in the first place. Finance should be free from that kind of political interference."

JUDITH TERHUNE

TORONTO

To the bottom of things

Three years ago, when Montreal businessman Grand Pilon first sought a contempt of court injunction against 10 other Canada Developpement company officials, his lawyer argued that he did not think "British justice [was] being rightly served" by the delay. Last month, 46-year-old Pilon, former *Montreal Le Droit* publisher and long-time friend of Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, took an "English point" argument and lost, again. His request to an Ontario Superior Court judge for a separate trial before a French-speaking judge and jury was denied.

Whether or not the bilingual Pilon, retired president of Marine Industries, is the perennial victim of an unresponsive judicial system, during the months that preceded what will likely be one of the longest and most complex trials in Canadian legal history he became a cause célèbre—a focal point for itself of the present battle put on by the Ontario government to declare French an official language in the province. The trial has often political ramifications. The 11 accused businesses and one company—almost the entire Canadian dredging industry—are charged with conspiracy to defend the federal and Ontario governments, and the Toronto and Hamilton harbors, from commissioners, of \$42,000 between



Pilon leaving an Ottawa court after being charged in 1975; Justice will be done, but will it be seen to be done?

is a former campaign manager for Labor Minister John Munro.

1946 and 1975. The charges involve alleged bid-rigging on contracts in Ontario and Quebec. One of the accused, Hugh Martin of Vancouver, chairman of Canada Dodge and Doak, a director of the Canada Development Corporation and a former treasurer for the federal Liberals. Another, Jean Simard, vice-president of Marine Industries, is related by marriage to former Quebec premier Robert Bourassa. One of the two former Hamilton harbor commissioners, named but not charged in an earlier dredging fraud trial,

CRAIGIE HAPKINS

So where do they wear their spurs, on their ears?

This smells like purgatory weather

—Garry Cooper in Dallas

A cowboy's best friend is his horse, but his second-best friend is his boots, which is why the inventors are a-sweatin' and a-feelin' it about in Alberta these days. Sissons those slick leatherin' black East (may the dirty warmin' freeze in the den) set import quotas on "sheesh." December 1 mind in cattle country, pardner, shows in boots.

Ottawa intended to help Canadian manufacturers, but Albertans complain that the only significant company, double Boots of Canada, can't understand why besides red-blooded Albertans prefer hand-tooled Mexican boots at the way from \$100-a-pair cowtobe to the \$600 era-macado-skin Sunday-go-to-meeting spe-



cate. Head of Alberta cowboys, are stocking up at retailers' conference because. Why, smooch. It's enough to make Garry Cooper roll over in his grave.



Double Distilled The rye man's whisky.

Smooth, natural flavour in a 5-year old whisky.
Real enjoyment for the man who's tough to please. Look for the distinctive DD.



They have faces again!

If movies aren't better than ever, Hollywood is

Gloria Swanson, prima, impeccable and 78 on March 27, was reminiscing recently on the state of the world's general and Hollywood in particular. From the perspective of a 60-year career, her views on physical corruption (what we are doing to our body) and sexual decay (pornography and violence) could be summed up simply: we need more movies—more to kill us in a golf-cart.

So Miss Swanson, one of the last representatives of the old school, was having the Oscar party April 3, that annual rite of early spring, television, however, to the rockers off! Miss Swanson brightened at once. "But yes," she said simply. "I watch it whenever possible. It's not as much fun as it was, but there shit it? Stars act what they people, and that's what the Oscar show celebrates."

As well as the stars, this year's Oscar show has a lot to celebrate from 1977: record box-office, Woody Allen's quadruple nominations with Anne Hall (for best picture, director, actor, screenplay), ushered in since Orson Welles and Citizen Kane in 1941; the clear emergence of Robert Dreyfuss as a movie presence, and the discovery (again) that women can carry a production on their own, or at least as the dominant character—no less. Gloria Swanson grew up with, but not exactly neglected, since *Belle Dame et Jean* (Cleopatra) were young.

Indeed the top women's awards will be the most clearly contested in years. Jane Fonda for *Jaws*, Shirley MacLaine and Ali MacGraw for *The Last Picture Show*, Diane Keaton for *Annie Hall* and Meryl Streep for *The Goodbye Girl*. Frenchies hardly be spotted from one year's show to the next one doesn't emerge full-blown in sparkling lights, suddenly during the last one. British there is, though. For instance, *A Touch Of Class* (Glenda Jackson), *Three Women* (Sally Struthier), *Sassy Spectre*, *Innocent Rule*, *The Other Side Of The Mountain* (Mandy Patinkin). This year, *The Other Side Of The Mountain*, *Fort 8* is doing well despite tepid reviews, and *Cousin*, which provides Genevieve Bujold with her best part years, is a huge hit with both audiences and critics. "Of course box-office is what counts," the Hollywood producer notes dryly, "but it's also easy to tell we're right."

On the men's side, the competition is less intense among the two老熟人 candidates of only because Robert Dreyfuss (among Allen, Richard Burton, Marcello Mastroianni and John Terrell) looks as if he'll run away with it. What's interesting is

Dreyfuss himself. At five-foot-five, he doesn't quite qualify as one of Randy Newman's *Shore People* but he's got fat off! He's inclined to pout-shaped padghams and in his own more recent films he wears bottle-bottom glasses to correct chronic oxygen. Anything less like the leading man of *Ingrid Bergman* do we have to wait in a golf-cart?

"Don't you think I'm fat?" he taunts 10-year-old Queen Cleopatra in *The*



Dreyfuss with his *Goodbye Girl*, Meryl Streep. Meryl with the box office lead

Goodbye Girl. Queen cleopatra on her speech: "I'm not your type." The last time Dreyfuss had a role offered him appeared from the dark side of the mirror. And yet this unlikely boy was recently offered a movie for which he would have been paid \$1.5 million squat: 10% of the gross. An improbable figure he inexplicably managed to accept.

The fact is that in a separation industry, Dreyfuss, 30, has become something of a good-luck charm, as if anything he appears in will make everyone concerned with it sit beyond the confines of *Citizen Kane*. After a couple of big parts and the support-

ing role of Baby Face Nelson in *Bulldog, Bulldog* and *American Graffiti* (1973), *The Apprenticeship Of Bubby Koenig* (1974), *Jaws* (1975), *Death* (1976), *Clear Encounters Of The Third Kind* and *The Goodbye Girl* (1977). Only *Jaws* did not make money, but in fact it has become a cult movie in no way hurt him. *Bubby Koenig* did not make big money, but won four great reviews. The other four are the kind of hits for say one of whom, anywhere in a little town, any movie would bring in \$100,000. *Jaws* brought that in from all over the country and it is a particular achievement in *The Goodbye Girl* that he makes us care about the character Elmer Gantry. An aristocratic, humane performance, it makes this movie the only one of his bits that is morally his responsibility.

His most obvious characteristic are path and energy. During the making of *Jaws* he actively campaigned for the lead in *Close Encounters*, originally intended for a man in his forties. His energy is overwhelming—"like a Meemaw jumping beans," says Queen Cleopatra, who at 10 ticks the very bad Stunz writes, "only he's Jewish and doesn't sleep jumping." Nor since Mackie Bouquet was a lad has the screen crackled with such gams, and Dreyfuss emanates it everywhere: during the filming of *Goodbye Girl* he was producing and acting in a stage run of *The French Mist*. For \$125 a week, because, he said, he wanted more legitimate theater in Beverly Hills. Currently he's playing Captain in a production of *Jules Cesar* in the Brooklyn Arts Center of *Hercules* for other reasons than the heat and hunger. *Cesar* has had already appealed to him.

He has opinions about everything. He



By David Cobb

carried Universal) by consistently badmouthing *Fox* ("just a fat peasant, a waste of my time in an actor's") before he saw it, and the April issue of *Oscar* eight days ago—*"It's depressing to see our performer after another reading recuse staff of the Telephones."* He says, would anything can with the certain certainty of a man who knows his own mind and means to us all: "Why can't Al Pacino and Alan Alda and have them do the entire show from *The Wayback*? Give *Doors* to do something. Give me to do something. The prima donna's either the star or the celebutante."

And, if possible, the less-off. On the

surface, last year was enormously satisfying for the film industry. It was a year when the National rating company saw advances through the TV industry by broadcasting a 4.5% drop in the TV viewing audience—yet in 1972, 13 million more people than the month in Canada and the United States did in the year before, and business was a record \$1,253,000,000. The self-congratulation on the *Oscar* show, therefore, will be almost tangible. But there is more here than meets the eye, and not all of it is good news. The fallouts and reverberations of estimates from the Devil's Regiment affair (in which the former manager of Judy Garland and current head of Columbia Pictures) reveal

production fatigue and costlier three-way deals orchestrated a further \$60,000,000, enraged and then immobilized, was inundated by account mafias in the business and confirmed, outside the west coast especially at those who regard Hollywood as Babylon West. At a more direct level, there's little joy for most members of the Screen Actors Guild, 90% of whom in any given year may be unemployed. Forty years ago the Hollywood studios were making 700 movies annually; it's now down to about 30. The number of theatre screens in North America has dropped by a third since the advent of TV; it's now about 14,000, and still holding. In 1948 moviegoing was at an peak of 300 million admissions; it's now sold every week, it's now down to 30 million and spread over far fewer films.

Part of the result has been a retreat to the blockbuster, the megapicture, never everyone thought but died by 1970 in the grand-moscow-film from books like *Dr Strangelove*, *Spart* and *Tora! Tora! Tora!**

Very intentionally a film comes along on a cheap budget and makes money. But it's easier to move in the *Death Wish*, a Rucky, made for about one million dollars and now one of the 10 most successful films ever to come

stills.

You would have thought, maybe, that *Ricky's* success would start a trend, instead of costing \$200 million to one book which may not reflect *Chairwoman of the Board*. *Death Wish* would make us want to make half-a-dozen movies for a million dollars each and hope to score on a couple of them. It's not working that way, and the only current inclination to be drawn from *Death Wish* is that Sylvester Stallone will never make a million-dollar movie again.

"They don't make the modest picture you're talking about," says Billy Wilder, the veteran director (*Sunset Boulevard*, *The Apartment*, *The Seven Year Itch*), "except for me. The feeling is that the picture must be extraordinary to get people out of the house. Which means production values which means big money. So it's much harder to get people to go to a picture for a dollar more than for a \$20-million movie."

Production values continue to rise and so does the price that people pay: turns are no longer rare; first admissions are a long cause; (the increasing cost of stars—and stars—that have doubled the cost of features since 1972).

"More than anything else we need to cut back our railroad costs," says Alan Ladd Jr., head of movie production for Twentieth Century Fox, the man who backed *Star Wars* when Universal rejected it, and the spilling sewage, plastic snakes, of his last feature. "But it's not going to happen the way it did at the end of the Sixties. How could we tell Paul Newman say, that we can't pay his price because we can't afford it? He'll know." And how about *Star Wars*?

So why don't the ticket-takers price-sell into a bigger percentage—that way more

Ontario Foods

Why they should be the first ones to look when you shop... And how you can find them.



A message from Bill McNeely,
Ontario's Minister
of Agriculture and Food.

Ontario farmers grow some of the finest quality food products and some of the lowest priced vegetables in the world. That's why Ontario's Ministry of Agriculture and Food has developed a symbol to help you find them.

It will help you identify the superb Ontario-grown foods for sale at your local supermarket. Their value and quality are measured in miles from "bushels" on your shopping list. But there are other good reasons why you should look for this symbol.

Ontario farmers and their families make up only 3% of Ontario's population. Yet their neighborhood produce some 200 food manufacturers worth \$3 billion a year. Like the rest of Canada, Ontario looks for a reasonable standard of living for their workers and urban rice rises. In return they offer their Ontario neighbors a wide variety of high-quality farm products at fair prices.

We sell import mass food into Ontario

that we export. Our trade balance would be much better if we could raise our own meat, eggs, fruits and vegetables. By doing so we could ensure a good livelihood for our producers. And we'd have increased income for employees as we'd have less food to import.

That's why Ontario's Ministry of Agriculture and Food has developed a symbol to help you find them.

The benefits are for all of us—all have an investment in the continued good health of our agricultural economy.

It's our part statement for our family farms. Heritage. It's plain common sense. We should protect and promote our investments in Ontario through our shopping choices. Buy the best products of broadened Ontario. Look for the symbol when you are the broadest Ontario symbol.

Good Things Grow in Ontario.

Bill McNeely

The whisky a man saves for himself... and his friends

It's a matter of taste.
So we take the time to blend
together 29 aged whiskies
... into one great taste.

Adams Private Stock.
One great taste over 100



from Thomas Adams Distillers Ltd. ...we still care about quality

It takes more than
good looks to make
a beautiful car.



To us, the most important thing about an automobile is how it works, not just how it looks. Showmanship will never take the place of craftsmanship.

And while the VW Rabbit obviously doesn't take a back seat to anyone when it comes to appearance, you can bet that before we made it look like it does, we spent a lot of time making it work like it does.

For example, we find that a 1.5 liter, 4 cylinder, overhead cam engine that spins the Rabbit from 0 to 60 km/h in 8 seconds is a thing of beauty. 7.2 liters per gallon on the highway and 47 in the city.* is a joy forever. In fact, no other car gives you

so much space and so much performance, yet uses so little gas.

Our sloping hood may look racy, but there's more to it than meets the eye. It's sloped because the engine is mounted transversely and slanted, so it takes up less room. And therefore allows more space in the passenger compartment, better visibility and less wind resistance for fuel economy. (The engine is positioned directly over the front drive wheels for better traction and road handling.)

Other niceties include standard features that are optional on some cars and not available at all on others. Things like a dual-diagonal braking system with front wheel discs,

steel belted radial ply tires and negative trailing roll radius for safety's sake. A fuel injection system instead of a carburetor. An electrically heated rear window defroster. Fully adjustable reclining bucket seats. Plus a choice of 2 or 4 door models.

Of course, service facilities are located across the country. (We've always put the same expertise into servicing our cars as we do building them.)

And while you may notice that other car manufacturers are beginning to think along the lines of the VW Rabbit, after you've taken it for a test drive, we think you'll agree with us. The Rabbit's beauty isn't only skin deep.



The Volkswagen Rabbit
Don't settle for less.

*Based on Transport Canada government test methods. *Estimated fuel economy. Fuel economy can vary depending on how and where you drive, optional equipment and condition of your vehicle.

Have a Grand Marnier evening.



Grand Marnier
Fire cognac with dried orange

Elm would surely get off the ground. "Ah, how could you know?" says one Hollywood host, adding he had at the wonder of it all. "Everyone's a star now." See: Nicholson can't wait to get paid \$500,000. "Why's he so smug?" purrs one. "Does he have cancer? What is it?" The only time Nicholson would eat his price would be if the really believed in a project, and if Diane Keaton really believed in it, and if Willem Dafoe really believed in it, and if Meryl Streep really believed in it, and they all eat their prices for that marvelous project called *The Breakfast at Tiffany's*, which they would do at a group effort, a labor of love. Then no one would lose status and everybody would be happy.

Grosman and general counsel, of course, have been up to their ears in Hollywood lately. Not a day goes by without a new announcement. Long before Penny Marshall did her spectacular things with a Color Bottle, Toronto's own Mary Pickford announced last fall that she was pre-producing a contract that would be remarkable: over \$100 million a year, \$250,000 signing bonus, \$50,000 to keep her mother happy, and 30% of the profits of every film she made. Small wonder that a few years later, about to divorce her first husband in favor of Douglas Fairbanks, she quipped in the marital separation hearing other macho. "But what will my people think?" she asked her attorney.

It's a long way from the world of Curtis Sittenfeld's *American Dreams* (Curtis, Greta Gerwig) who have to compete for money as more stars come for more than \$300,000 and has thus far resisted the many offers to make films in the United States. "Of course you can still make a low-budget movie in America," says Kenneth Tynan, the English writer now living in Santa Monica. "The question is whether you go when you've done it—say, a couple of 2½ years when I'm not writing before you get the thing distributed."

Anne Bancroft got home around 1974 for a year after it was released. The tragic *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* (Natalie Wood) won two best film and eight other successful films in history made the rounds for 15 years, gathering millions and coffee shops, before it was made in 1975, almost as desperation and without any studio bidding at the start.

"That's why to score the studios," says Charles Chaplin, entertainment editor of the *Los Angeles Times*. "But it won't. The old moguls may have been vulgarists, but so were the studios then. The trouble is they never learned success and today the industry is run mostly by lawyers or former agents. The moguls used about films well in profit. They knew guys are attracted to pictures, they only wanted to know what they think will make megabucks of dollars. And they don't care who's in it or its moment. It borders on the kind of condescension—certainly, to put it nicely."

The need, then, is for some changes and (dare I say) new power the way Aspinwall



your package without the studio, if necessary, go ahead and shoot, they will it to them for distribution. "It's the only way to start an alternative film industry," says independent Kim Canan. "If we all wanted for the studios, the only finance they'd ever make would be \$25 million even."

Certainly the film schools around the United States—some 1,000 in line counts—offering art would-be filmmakers a dazzling mix, and their acceptance with the major studios won't quickly go away. Because of the change in movie audiences—more smart, more budgets, everybody free-swinging for the best deal—studios are a problem. All young film makers would like to run the same show from film to film, "and the way you start," says one of them, "is to write a screenplay and have over the studio will like a prima donna in front of you." *American Graffiti*, *The Song*, *Five Easy Pieces*, *Mario and the Magician*, *Spartacus* were all written by graduates of the film schools at the University of Southern California and the University of California in Los Angeles. Prices vary widely. Robert Towne was paid \$400,000 for *Chinatown* (which also won him an Oscar), Gloria and Wil-

Rocky, *Stevenson* and *Talk Show*, Marlon Brando in *One Side of the Mountain*, and, in the 1980s, *Rosalind Franklin* in *The Rosary*, *Deathtrap*, *Spencer Tracy* and *Katharine Hepburn* in *Deathtrap*, *Clint Eastwood* and *Vivien Leigh* in *Gas*, *With the Wind*—tops still meets girl, and things still work out in the end.

And Hayek was paid only \$3,200 for *American Graffiti*—but because Francis Coppola, the producer, can throw an art for a price, they have made something over \$600,000 from it so far.

"They find that everybody's a fine actor, everybody's a star, a good price," says says Paul Schrader, who has directed *Angela's Ashes* (Peter Weir) for paramour *East* (Sandra Bullock) and *Thelma & Louise* (Jane Fonda). For writing *East*, Bullock accepted \$100,000, while *Thelma & Louise* paid \$200,000 for penning *East*. *Thelma & Louise* cost \$10 million to make, and the studios can offer any more.

"Star power, overexposure, oversex, over violence and quality. You want something else, go work in TV."

"But Hollywood is the right place to be in '81."

A ball of barely contained energy, with the look of a man who has had to make one more compromise than he'd planned, Schrader notes that there are only two things the studios can offer any more:

"Star power, overexposure, oversex, over violence and quality. You want something else, go work in TV."

A character in Budd Schulberg's novel *The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie* asks of a writer: "What happened to *Joint*?"—and is answered: "Hollywood." The cry of William Faulkner, of Herman Melville, of Dorothy Parker, of Scott Fitzgerald, uses their capacity extrapolated by handfuls of money, Hollywood in life. Not everyone buys it. "I can't imagine a better place to have spent my life," concludes Barbara Hale.

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But make no mistake. Maui moves as well.

Through the years it has become an island of many faces. While its rugged slopes still contain the weathered bluffs and lava valleys of long ago, its many lowlands have sprouted luxurious resorts, vacation condominiums, golf courses and shopping complexes that share the scene with rustic villages and traditional concentrations of the hard-drivin' whalers in Hawaiian ports.

Truly there is some doing for everyone on Maui.



Many claim the best beaches in the world are on Maui. There are 42 to choose from, most with soft, powdery sand that seems to stretch endlessly along the horizon. And if you can't seem to pull yourself away from sun-drenched, surf-swept beaches, there are several outstanding beachfront resorts, like Wailea, Kaanapali and Kapalua, each designed to combine beach time with golf, tennis and sightseeing excursions.

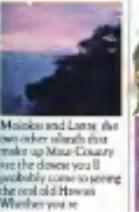
dropping down a 200-foot road on a route in Molokai, or exploring the 75,000-acre wide open spaces in Lanai, it is not difficult to appreciate the unique peaceful beauty and tranquility of Maui.

Because Maui has just become a popular destination for the modern world who's brand new resort just opened and several others planned.

Maui has become a major resort for those who want availability plus some of the more colorful scenery in the world. Beautifully well-kept resorts are available at all the major resorts, the abandoned flower is and sunbathers providing a lush tropical setting for play.

Golfer share a similar experience. There are no courses, many overlooking the ocean and some distant islands.

Once the capital of the Hawaiian Monarchs, Maui's Lahaina town is now a special place for a vacation. These days a beautiful little town is a mix blend of narrow adobe walls old



Molokai and Lanai, the two smaller islands that make up Maui County, are the places you'll probably come to visiting the real old Hawaii. Whether you're

FOR ALL SEASONS.

wooden buildings and a paraplane ride here, it has become a tropical hideaway of unique historic appeal.

All the more fun to

shop here. While you

pack in and out of the

bag hole throughout

you'll find a wide assort-

ment of crafts, clothing

and gift shops nestled

alongside restored

mauaua, which

are old-time houses and

old sugar cane mills



Maui is open to a single island tour, but right across islands each with an ocean view. Our favorite reads like a world tour—China, Japan, Philippines, Korea, Hawaii, South Pacific Islands, England, Portugal. But everyone shares the "Alaia Spirit" unique to the Islands.

CAHAWA calls the "Cathedral Place" for ancient Hawaiian life. Lava rock walls, which can measure, shape and regulate air in a state of relative shade and benches and doors are former Drawers. Drawers Honolulu as a delightful mixture of modern office towers and wooden huts of early Hawaii. Oahu's North Shore contains some of the finest, baron surf



Graphic: MELISSA CHAMBERS

nowhere. And for a bit of history most visitors include stops at Kahanu Garden and the Pearl Harbor Memorial. It's all part of the most sophisticated tourism in the world.

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foil, and try to see a bit

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Legend has it that the demigod Maui stood on the rim of the volcano to stop the sun with a net and make a greater journey through the sky, giving the crops more

time to grow. So it came to be that the great volcano became known as Haleakala or "House of the Sun."

Legend has it, the

sunrise in the summer of

Haleakala is almost a mystical experience. Whenever the sun breaks through the soft layer of clouds, a spectrum of pink, orange, red and orange colors several

hundred feet high. The true experience, though, is no backpack or mule an overnight horseback trip into the crater itself.

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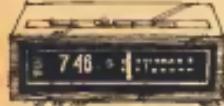
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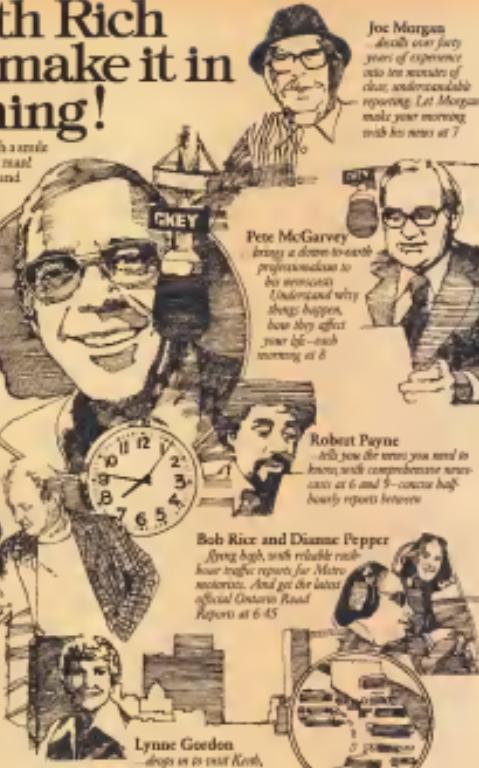


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RADIO TORONTO

Hale, 55, a woman of great presence and charm, was a studio contract player for years before doing a decade at *The Delta Strain* in Raymond Burr's *Ferry Mansions* on TV. In the early days she would make three or four pictures a year and had a good education along the way. "We were taught drama, singing, acting, even poetry—believe me, I learned more at Hollywood than I did at school in Illinois and I don't mean what people think you learn here."

He likes the increasing amount of time that sort of thing occupies him, after all she made headlines in 1945 by giving *Death Stares* on Wyler and Molyneux had done scores of them since. "Well, when I saw Spender's choice at Cannes, I thought, 'Good God, they're going to do it again!'" he says. "I was really worried." And widely tipped in the heat-shock antecedent to *Rabbit, Run*, he has another son, his most recent movie—*Teenage Love*, something of a sleeper, set in a sleep-over marin, with chaste withers and orgiastic chat—"and I very nearly collapsed. All that verbiage, that terminology! I told Edith, 'I don't think I can do it.' But then I thought, 'Well, if you're up against it, you'd better do it!' That kind of shrugged. "That's the way the movie was born. I said, 'That's the way it's going to be.' Edith said, 'It's not good enough.' They're not married, so I don't mind. I don't agree with what Edith says, but I do. I don't mind what happened in my life. In my life Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn got away with it because they were of a certain stature—and the rest of us? Shape up at once, we'll be talking about you!"

Today with only two movies he has had an award-winning film, *White Man's Burden*, 27 employs a business manager and an agent at his firm to sort it come. In the Thirties, when the studios took care of everything, the money was ploughed back into the system, and Hollywood built up an splendid tradition of supporting actors. Now stars have become autocratic either because of the track record of the director or the demands of the stars. Otherwise there seems no money left for anything else. *New York*, *New York* featured two star actors and one star director supported by little else but indulgence.

Perhaps what's most newsworthy in Power is such business as Los Angeles and New York are about equally. Nobody of any position in every field in the entertainment industry would dream of phoning someone directly, even if the phone is immediately at hand, just as nobody at the other end, who has more power, would dream of picking up the phone first and ringing his or her own bell. To do so would mean one's own death like Jack Palance dropping his wife up from memory in a single, fatal, function. "When I gave Fred from the L.A. Times" says Jayne Hansen, who used to write a Hollywood column for us, "nobody called me for two years. Not even my friends. Now that I'm writing a column again for *The Los Angeles Magazine*, I can't get the phone."

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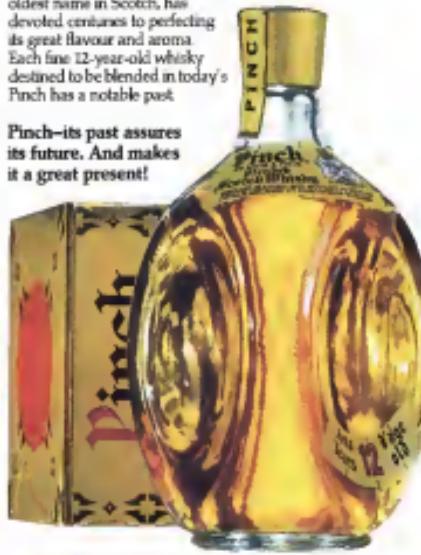
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Her tells the story of the video cameras taken by police from Roman Polanski's house after he left the across Shannan Tate and their friends were murdered; the cameras recorded three hours of a study engaged in heated discussion. Just in between the actors, when they discussed what had happened, asked the police to return back in time. "So the cops told them they were having a little trouble cracking the case," says Haber, "and they'd certainly appreciate a donation for a reward to be given for any information about the murders. The actors understood very quickly the police got a \$25,000 donation and the actors got paid."

The CBS and Boss of the power trip may have the wave of unbroken enthusiasm breaking over the Hollywood establishment, and not so sub, at that. Power movies—a few of which like *Rushmore*, *Broadway* and *Inside Man*—contend to distract better brains than many of their much prouder legitimate counterparts—wouldn't be complete without an S&M sequence, and there are four dominant ones this summer in L.A., very much above ground. Says Paul Schrader, who researched the subject for his new movie: "It's very big business. Their clients are executives, lawyers, doctors, judges, all those people who push people around all day long, and then go to these gigs of her work. It's not therapeutic."

With psychic therapy gone the physician is in. The specialty is in the amateur hypnotist business have always been prone to clerks, and if they have moved over items so stock the bazaar. The reigning queen is Esther Prober, a delightful fiftyish indomitable from England who measures no more than (though she's double-naught) than there ever were at world's bazaar. One of her clients is Beverly Walker, a vice-president at Universal, who names only in Miss Prober's power. "I had terrible problems," says Walker over lunch. "I was losing my hair. I was 50 pounds overweight, and other things were wrong. You didn't just knock my wrist and put me on the diet, and in two months I'm right on track. (The fish and a salad salad helps.)"

And the hand of the doctor is returning? Again, trends in some areas and healing benefits in making health a consequence of an overall record profit, but a long way from terminal. Increasing one in the United States of office and Pay-TV, and of ever more sophisticated home-entertainment systems (particularly Universal's announced *DreamVision*, which will enable us to buy movies of our choice and not those through our mere, indicate a further decline in the number of North American movie theatres—perhaps down to some 7,500 in the next decade. At the moment, what used to be the answer? If theatres are being made for the small screen, in the adjustments to pay home increase—not least the cost of going out—the culture of movie being made for television should improve.

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Some documentarians suggest that the days of the movie theater are numbered, that by 1990 TV will have all the market impossible to believe. For one thing, a feature can set the price for the Ruman's unacceptable to TV, for another, the urge for an evening's spring, the Saturday night fever to sit out of the house, goes back at least to the ancient Greeks. Seventy percent of the movie audience is under 30; so large a young audience for which the shared experience of Going To The Movies is unacceptable.

on the \$3.1-million-plus *Apostrophe* New Year's Eve bash took place in a 1½-cup overcast on the way east, the Western, for the most part, is lauded as West Coast, and the critics concur. To Wendy Allard and Matt Hyndes, perhaps the only downside is the matinee crowd tends to look touchy-feely though. "Cinematographer [David] Redmon, the *One Flew* [Over the Cuckoo's Nest] guy, was in the audience," says Hyndes. "I think he was there because he was shooting a movie in Vancouver, and he made early bird earlier movies" (*Rocky*, *Carrie*, *Saturday Night Fever*, *F.I.S.T.*). "Macon County Locals have done well enough to encourage it," Hyndes says. "We'll see if it's a sustainable wave, but I expect a return to the Frank Capra days of the 'Forties," says University of B.C.'s Walker. "These are

"The songs crossing my desk these days, and I'm very good news."

Addis Ben Nsouli, one of the most important groups of anti-colonialists in the country, has been made Minister without portfolio in all the lands. The best country for making a will the United States. Of course they always stay somewhere else, but, in the case! "Garnet" still, home, second world," they speak to the whole world." Nowall, 42, speaks with feeling about the creation of the Czech uprising in 1968 as he becomes something of a semi-myth in his native land. His lines are as angry as those shown, his name is not listed in any of the records of the Czechoslovakian Ministry, and from 1968 to 1974, when the author first met him, he was officially banished from any work or

A dark, blurry image showing a person's silhouette against a bright background.

Now more than ever,
Matinée mildness
makes a lot
of sense.



Finally, for all Hollywood's enormous and
wonderful things, there could be a whole lot more.
Joseph Hardy Sanabria is a former magazine
husband—and publicity director
for Derval Schmidt, who produced *Gone
With the Wind*—and wrote more and longer
books than anyone else at the center of
the world. Now 72, Sanabria is not
in *Morton Peicker's Country House* in L.A.
but suffers from hypertension—brought
on, he suggests, by at least 150 Salvoes
from too many. He was reminiscing
the other day about the many sightings
of some of the stars he has known. Clark
Gable, of course. Cary Grant. And another
he sighting, was Ronald Colman,
as you might expect of the dethroning romantic
star, Linda Howard, in *Birth*.

"My God, was Colleen right? His cause went to ruin after 16 years' service. A couple of years later the widow was broke and wrote Colleen for a loan of \$100. That are hard times," Colleen wrote back. "I don't possibly manage \$100, but send \$55. It's more than I can afford." Four years later, 1881, Colleen died. "A good死神," said Dr. John D. Morris.

A dapper, swarthy man. Saeid leaned back and pondered the middle-distance. It's a funny place. I've never been able to measure up to it. The hexapods, the generosity, the poverty, the richness, the baseness. Oh heck, it's like anywhere else.

Only humans ◊

The column "Mild" (Kerners) (Gina Fava-Dekk, The Wall Street Journal, April 29, 1998) was written by Michael Myerson-Tisch May ... and producer from a team of nearly 20 staffers, of a film studio, largely composed using the German company's VTRs. Mr. Myerson-Tisch and his 19 staffers do their own writing, shooting and editing. They do not employ any outside players, nor do they use any of James Cameron's studios.

"With the leading Czechoslovaks and their officers I had friendly and frank propaganda relations. We used always the same words given up by the party for a leader from possible, the nation has difficulties in foreign policy which must be overcome or different from my way. The American administration thinks that my ideas are wrong, they wanted to make me change my mind. But Czechs do anything they wanted with the results he said.

This American Parrotache Satchmo is a kindly unassuming old fellow whom I have seen in New Zealand. He is tall and ugly now, and like Captain "We had this parrot this morning. I cannot explain it the way as

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Labor's gain

Dennis McDermott is no Joe Morris. And that's good

By Warren Gerard



McDermott in his UNW office in front of a portrait of himself. *Join of style, and the substance to back it up.*

Dennis McDermott is not pleased. The representative sitting at a desk in front of the mural on the 8th floor of the Canadian Labor Congress (CLC) building on University Street in Ottawa is not pleased at all. "McDermott is not pleased," says McDermott's secretary, Shirley Carr. "He's not pleased with the way things are going." "McDermott is not pleased," says Stephen Lewis, recently retired leader of the Ontario New Democratic Party and one of McDermott's best friends. "It's not

The shake-up that will follow the convention's close on April 7 will reach beyond the clc's sleepy hall into the country's fractious trade union movement. McDermott, at 35, the Canadian director and international vice-president of the powerful United Auto Workers, is an exceptionally young leader—on many occasions, a flashy, garrulous talker. He has a magnetic personality, and his words will be heard.

It was decided over a few phone calls, a few letters written on his behalf, that McDermott—who need at last made up—would assume the leadership of the clc. Then in mid-December over lunch at Ottawa's Chinese Lasser Hotel the 36-member clc executive council (only 24 were present), representing Canada's major unions, voted unanimously to support McDermott. Don MacIntyre, secretary-treasurer of the congress, and vice-president Shirley Carr and John Major had been thinking of challenging McDermott, but by the time the four clc unions were at the table they'd decided to run for safety on the McDermott slate. That was that.

McDermott will replace the retiring Joe Morris, a plodding kind of a union leader, a world, slow-thinking leader who hasn't been up to the task in his current two-year tenure to lead labor, especially through wage and price controls. Morris has developed a taste for international affairs and will find his tenure as chairman of



the governing body of the International Labor Organization. "The impression Joe Morris conveys doesn't fit the pretensions we have about what leaders are," says Stephen Lewis, recently retired leader of the Ontario New Democratic Party and one of McDermott's best friends. "It's not

simply a visual issue. It's a much more important matter of language, of a pedagogic, call for old rhetoric, which seems to me to be difficult, unimaginative, self-servicing and self-centred. Dennis McDermott will be successful in the sense that he is a trade unionist, but he will convey issues in a way



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McDermott with Morris (left); he won't walk with him but he'll be a big link

which will make everybody sit up and think. It will not be pedestrian, it will not be the old stuff. It's just a visual change, it's a sense of largeness, a very lively and positive.

The visual change will be startling. Morris, a party, dignified, formal; McDermott is more outgoing, more relaxed, more flamboyant, dressed in his fluorescent clothing, the inexpensive but loud shirts, those buttons open at the neck exposing a hairy chest and gold pendant, usually worn under a turtleneck. He likes wireless headphones and mugs. He's been advanced, some say by Morris, to dress more conservatively and adopt a more state-tradable status, but he has refused to tone down the act. Yet, today, he is sitting in bed conservatively. He's in a meeting behind closed doors on the 8th floor of the congress building with a dozen other top union leaders. They are returning their dues for an afternoon session with Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau.

McDermott and Trudeau are no strangers. They have known each other for several years. McDermott headed up at 24 States. He was one of six special guests on Trudeau's visit to Washington last year when the First Minister addressed a joint meeting of Congress. More recently, he was invited to Trudeau's meeting for United States Vice-President Walter Mondale.



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This thing between McDermott and Trudeau, is a curious relationship, envious and mongous. "It's an extremely intelligent man," McDermott is saying, "extremely able, self-confident to the point of insufferable arrogance, and he'll dig a hole for you. He's absolutely goddamn brilliant. He'll even try to fool you. He'll tell you, 'We're not going to do that. You don't have to worry about that.' That's the middle of the character of Trudey. Let's hear from Trudeau on us and so...the very strong he said he's not going to discuss."

McDermott recalls that one night before a meeting with Trudeau about three years ago he was met at the Ottawa airport by a friend who was a labor department deputy minister. The man needed McDermott to dinner and told him he had been recruited on behalf of Trudeau to ask McDermott not to discuss the auto pact. McDermott agreed. "The same day at the meeting Trudeau opened by saying 'Well, Mr. McDermott's here. I guess we better talk about the auto pact.' And that poor f--- I had to sit there all night before just a short half off his chair. I said to myself, 'If you want confrontation, you didn't bring me, I didn't.' I said something about Canada on our side and I produced editorials from *The Globe and Mail* and other Eastern publications and I said, 'When these bastards are writing editorials favoring our position, I know God's on our side.'

Trudeau, as McDermott's story goes,

told an aide to fresh the file of editorials

from the West—all of them supporting

Trudeau's argument and opposing party

and higher wages for workers in the East

"I just looked at him and said, 'What do

you worry about the Western editorials for?

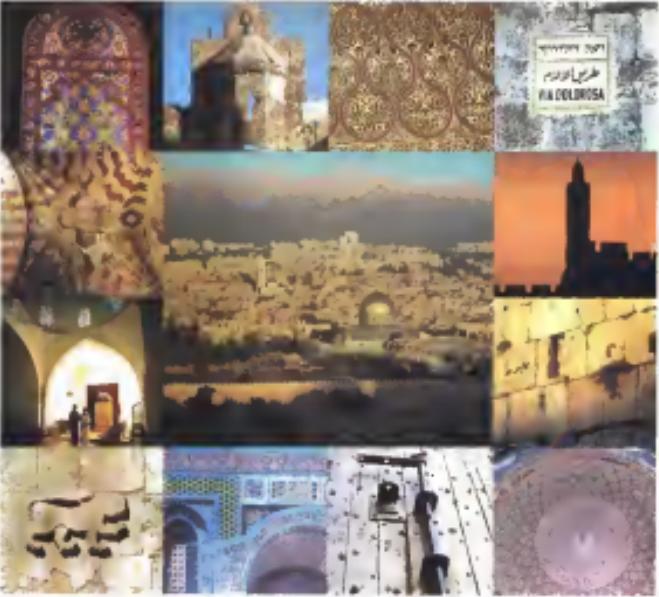
You've got to-say votes out there as I have.'

'That really got his goat. He got mad-

der than an S.O.B.'

He now sits in the Labor Institute, where McDermott, Morris, Montague, Carr and Major, have fled into a fourth-floor conference room in the Lumsden Block on Wellington Street opposite the Parliament Buildings. Trudeau has been seated at the round conference table by Finance Minister Jean Chrétien, House Leader Alton Gaspari, Treasury Board President Robert Audet, Labor Minister John Munro and Trade Minister Jack Hooner. This is not a wine and steak session. They talk over finger sandwiches, no, coffee in milk. Trudeau tells them that the economy is in terrible shape. They know that. The talks are the first since last July when the CEC broke off import-export discussions—labor, business and government—because Trudeau wouldn't lift wage and price controls. Now that's over. April 14, McDermott and friends tell the Prime Minister they have an obligation of cooperation in the post-government agency to monitor wages and prices.

Audet is talking about the public service sector and how it should be restrained. He's using the argument of comparability based on a relationship with the private



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For example, Dofasco launched a major heart research project with the McMaster Medical Centre and family physicians in Hamilton. The joint program is treating a group of hypertensive people, and the results will be compared with other programs. This comparison will yield new facts about the prevention and treatment of heart disease. Facts which could benefit Canadians all across the country.

Is it unusual for a steel company to be in medical research?



Dofasco is playing a major role in heart research projects at one of North America's most advanced medical centres.

Dofasco's Intervention Medicine program helps identify potential health problems...and recommends life style changes to avoid them.



"Perhaps—but we think of it as a very natural thing to do," notes Dofasco's Medical Director.

The individual has always been important at Dofasco. And concern for the individual leads us in many directions—like heart research.

"It's also behind our concept of intervention Medicine. That's our term for intervening in the life styles of patients. We intervene when their medical histories suggest that a health problem is on the horizon."

Intervention Medicine is based on an early warning system. Through regular physical examinations, Dofasco's Medical Department updates the medical history they keep for each employee. This helps pinpoint early changes in blood pressure, electrocardiograms, chest X-rays, smoking habits, weight, etc.

If necessary, the department suggests a change of life style. For example, getting more exercise, stopping smoking or losing weight.

Even someone who already has a well advanced health

problem can be helped by Dofasco's early warning system.

Dofasco's Medical Director gives an example:

"We had a series of six coronaries where we spotted ahead of time that something was going to happen. We hospitalized these people under the care of their own physicians, and they all had a coronary thrombosis in hospital.

"Fortunately, they all survived. But without early detection, they may not have."

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sister. "I don't know of any negotiations in progress where you don't have compatibility," McDermott tells us. "And when your interests are aligned, it's like asking you compare what you want to practice and ignore what you want to ignore. Where have you been all these years?"

The meeting ends at 3:30 p.m. McDermott goes before the television cameras and says nothing. "We haven't anything to tell you new, maybe later," he tells the reporters who have been waiting four hours. The conference room door opens and McDermott steps into the television lights. "What do you do from here, Mr. McDermott?" a reporter asks, thrusting a microphone who has few. "I'm going to the john," McDermott replies.

In a cab on the way to the airport, he says: "We told them that when you go out in front of that goddamn camera you don't open your big mouth and say we're in agreement with this, this and the last deal that goes. Just say that we reached no conclusions and we intend to have further discussions."

At the airport, after a quick search and soot, we board into Ark Hanner who's taking the same flight to Toronto. Hanner sends a greeting to McDermott but McDermott looks right through him. He doesn't like Hanner. "You might go and squat with S.O.B. from the other side, even that can be beneficial in my view, but when you go and singe the bottom of the barrel just for the sake of getting it, that's something else." Trudeau knows better than that. It makes it that much worse when you know he knows better.

At the studio, Hanner dressed in a Beethoven-style tuxedo, with a double row red rose, the symbol of Whistler, the city of roses, stands out like a stop sign on his 7'11" height. He looks like a man made from leather material for a flood-centered couch. In the morning he has been to the American Motors plant in Brampton for a television interview on the assembly line. He has been invited to lunch after the interview by Bill Pekar, the auto producer who has his own car on TV. A 46-year-old Pekar explains the luncheon invitation is a courtesy because McDermott was on the plant. It's strange now, after all these years in advertising, that the two men are meeting for the first time.

They get along well, though they are diametrically opposite. Pekar talks in deepest irony, the way a company president should, about the economy, how it should be heading, even to a two-fold inflation rate, to create more jobs and hand off a revolution by the unemployed. McDermott grins but holds his tongue. After all, Pekar is picking up the tab. After lunch, after McDermott has eaten too much quiche and strawberries and cream, the conversation turns in wise Pekar's native of Toledo, defining Canadian wine and plonk as terms. So does his public relations man. "Yeah, I know," McDermott says. "It's all made yesterday."

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McDermott with his wife Cleo; the present is secure but he looks back in anger

collection of union buttons, a poster from the California paper boycott, photographs, books a host of John F. Kennedy, a model gold Cadillac on a coffee table, the souvenirs that executives, whether union or management, accumulate over the years.

It would seem that McDermott might be giving up more with the new than he will gain from becoming cclc president. He could take cut in pay from about \$45,000 a year to \$39,000 (though there is talk of boosting the cclc president's pay) and many within his own union, especially in the United States, were predicting that he would be the next general secretary, the first Canadian to hold the post. At those rates, he will take over a tank hoist, fading red-lettering that has been accurately described as the name of Canadian labor. McDermott will assume an office with a title but without power, and as Morris' two-year term ends, the congress has wound down into a state of apathy. In federation of autonomous unions and provincial affiliates, whose solidarity is a fragile thing at best, has become a fragmented, bucking family. The cclc's only innovative policy in the control period was the manifesto on separation—the proposal for cooperation among labor, business and government. That has been abandoned, even by one of its early supporters, McDermott, who now

with a headache guaranteed in every glass. It's new midafternoon and McDermott is seated behind his handsome desk in a spacious office in the new one-million-dollar glass and steel CAE headquarters

located away in a nondescript industrial park in the hinterlands north of Toronto. The office is about twice the size of the one he will occupy in Ottawa as president of the cclc. It is filled with mementos—souvenirs

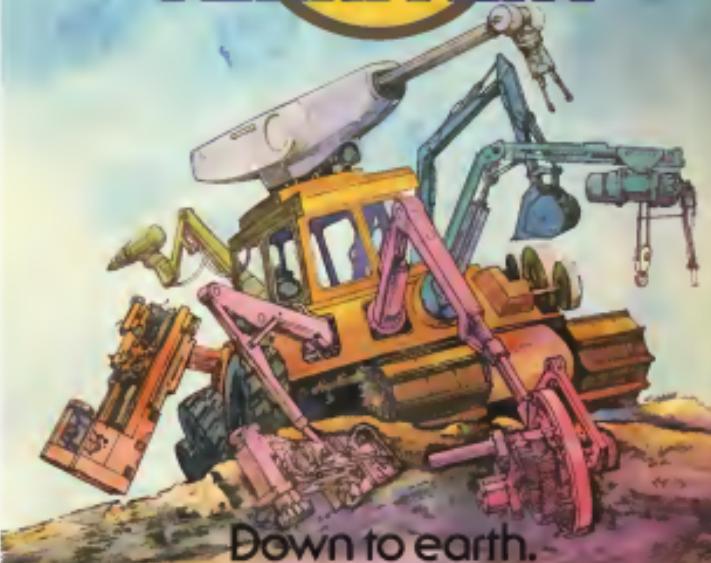
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believe the adversary system is too deeply rooted in the Canadian way of doing things to be replaced by a form of communism.

The prospect of pulling the CLC together appears bleak. "Some of my friends say, 'You must be a bit'n'managed.' You don't really want to walk onto this mess like somebody's got to do the job. It might as well be me. It's a hell of a mess. I know the whole thing may turn out to be an exercise in futility."

There is a deeper reason McDermott has chosen Canada. "I'm a national in the sense that I'm a Canadian, that I have a sense of pride about that. I don't see myself as an American and I don't think you can feel yourself that you can go over there [as president of the CLC] and not become American or Americanized. Anyways, who wants to live in Denver?"

His commitment to human rights will be quickly reflected in early policy and rhetoric. His first position on the union movement was on a human rights committee he formed in 1948 at the Manay-Harr plant in Tipton where he was a welder. He would later speak at the trial of Chavez in the grape boycott in California's Coachella Valley claiming Pino could not be beaten. He describes it as an "epicurean, eccentric" experience. He was arrested several times and on one occasion on the way to a United Farm Workers meeting, carrying a Canadian flag—a symbol of international workers unity, he received 19 traffic tickets in four blocks. The cops were on the other side.

He is the author of *LAW* policy on Confederation. "I believe in the right to self-determination. I don't advocate separation. I hope they don't separate, but if they do I'll understand why. The word separation is in our vocabulary because there has been 100 years of secession, separation and certainly expansion. The rest of us are responsible, but the government is not more responsible than others. They knew the trade they made in Confederation and they didn't carry it out. I think Trudeau's leadership has been dismal. But then he's from the upper crust of Uncle Tom's Cabin."

As we talk, the door to his office opens, and a secretary, Clara, lassaining on the date frame, tells him he had better think about getting home soon if he wants anything to eat before a night meeting. "What are we having?" he asks. "Eggs and bacon," she answers, leaving. Clara is 25, dark-haired, attractive, intelligent and tough, formerly his mistress, now his wife. They were both married. Clara had an asthma. McDermott doesn't like it. He recalls that Clara told her husband she'd tell him to wait on the same weekend that they wanted to move in with him. Clara got a blistering reprimand for it.

Talking about his childhood reminds him of his own childhood. He says he is not nervous that his early experiences of his service time in the British navy influenced



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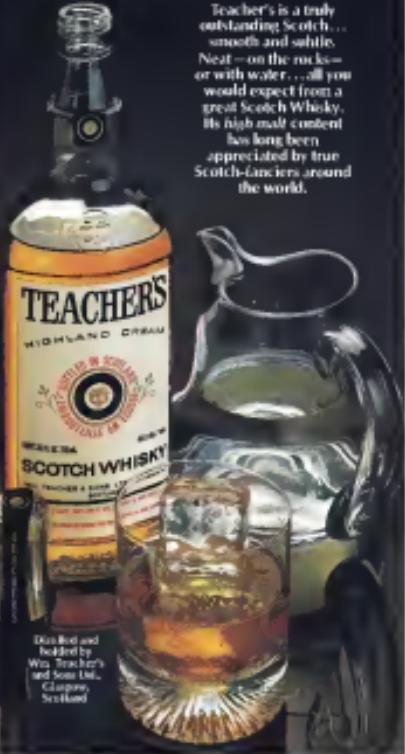
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his basic rebellious nature. His concern for human rights. He was born in Plymouth of Irish parents. In the Depression years, his family ran a Salvation Army soup kitchen and his father worked at jobs that "Englishmen refused for Indians." He left school at 14, but the quote-sized mind, the maverick in him, developed before that.

"In school I remember the map of the British Empire was colored in red and the teacher was always sticking it down our throats about the great roles we had and how awesome the rest of the world was. I said, 'If we have all this wealth and we're the greatest, like all these empires on the map and none, how come we're poor and my dad doesn't have a job?' And the teacher would say in my report card that this child hasჩჩხალის მდგრადის.

At 17, he joined the navy and during World War II he was a wireless operator. He served on destroyers as the standard Marmite ran and later became a commanding and a frogman and earned every medal of it. "I knew a lot of action, but it's not proud of my life. I don't like to talk about it. It was a time of waste." And those were his first successful organizing attempts. "I was on one ship that had a lieutenant who was a painter-extravaganza. He wanted to paint everything. So we had a cell. We even had an orangutan—a pig's head in a pig's pat on the floor. You know, the nickname for a ship's officer was pig, which I think is a pretty clever name. Before you get your membership in the cell you had to draw six paint pens and six brushes everywhere."

McDermott or at home, or his so-called, refined suburban seclusion, after the long day. His town and area have given a unique personality to him and when he brought the painting off his walls. He has continued painting after having stopped several years ago. As a painter he makes a good income today. I will find it difficult to understand why he wants to be president of the CEC. Perhaps it's a sense of duty. Perhaps it's for the reasons suggested by Stephen Lewis—teacher's been chasing him along time under the indignity of having to take the rug for being a trade unionist without ever explaining to the world why he's proud to be a trade unionist.

"If I go to a cabinet party," McDermott is saying, "I am introduced as a trade union representative and people say, 'That's interesting, what sort of union are you with and what power do you occupy?' Then I have to tell them I'm a teacher. They say, 'Good god, ergonomics and meningitis and differenting, my very right to exist.' I've developed a career entrepreneurs. First of all I discovered the consciousness of the person when trying to act as a role model. Suppose I discover he is in drug manufacturing. I've got no objection of selling narcotics to teenagers, rippling off the public, all that sort of thing. He says, 'Want a meningitis, I can't like that?' Then I say, 'You son Jimmy Hoffa, that's it.'

That could be it. The CEC will become Dennis McDermott's forum.

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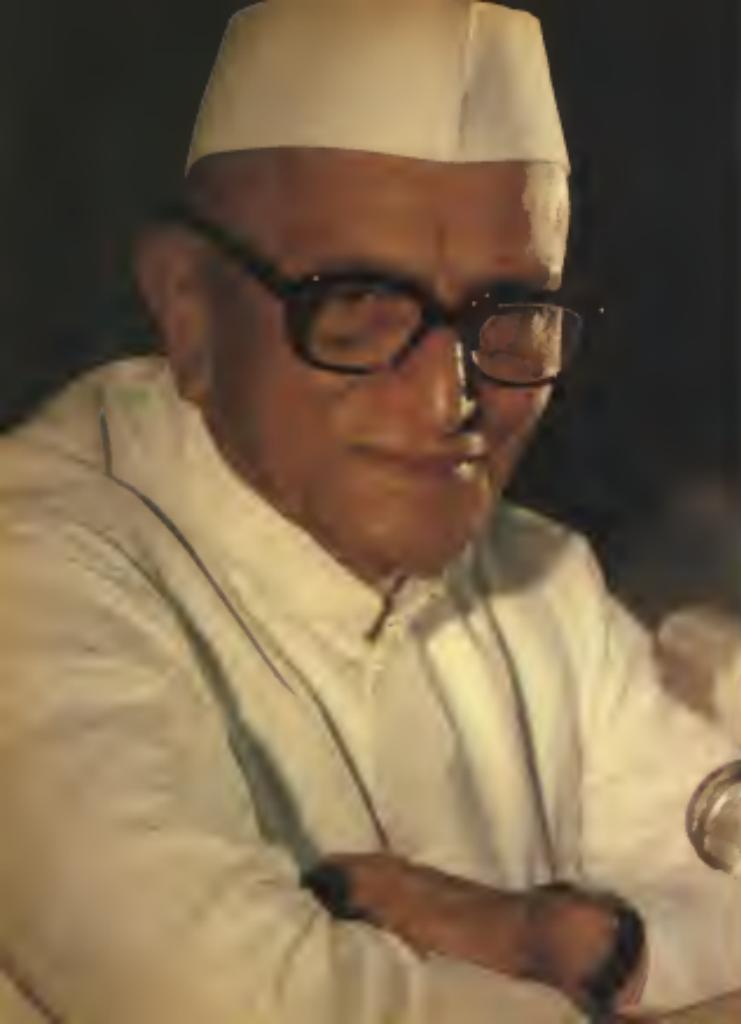
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A Tiger In Winter

The first Annual Report on Morarji Desai

By Arturo Gonzalez

If ever there's a walking argument against constitutional monarchy it was at age 65. It's David's, crusty, white-capped, bearded, 83-year-old Murray Denis. A little more than a year ago he was beyond her, infersive, like Louis Cyr, for 19 long months under the repressive "emergency" regulations which made her determine over 800 million people, with unassimilable power to pass political opposition like Denis in the Senate. The 83-year-old's 1997 national election, Denis walked out of prison as an un-cashed, together a five-year confinee called 2nd Peoples (People) and in March of last year gave Mrs. Gaudreault the surprise of her political life by besting her at the ballot box and taking over her position as Indian prime minister. When the debris of the election was cleared away, most observers expected the aged Denis to play a grange, grandfatherly role in safely guiding India into a new political direction. Not a bit of it. He has just passed over the saddle and dug in his spurs. The vigorous oligarchic pose

in a seven-on-seven working day, yet he's served India's most prestigious gatherings of just a few dozen people or throngs of several hundred thousand, and, fortified by a diet of fruit, yogurt, honey, nuts and garlic, shows every indication of being very much India's native chef.

卷之三十一

FLASH METERS

Net that his country's efforts have been rewarded by system success. The mechanics' Trade in Huddersfield, he claims, still offers anyone to govern it. "A year ago," says Richard Suttwiss, a Birmingham-based office worker, "I used to sleep in one chair with the biggest possible smile on my face. The people voted for a successful revolution and so did I." Moyers of Congress Party's "brassiere as usual" speech, which, in India, has always meant accusations of corruption and inefficiency. "But, what does one care, really?"

and there were great strikes that had up whole sections of the Unemployment. Inflation that doubled the price of cooking oil in just six months. And the threat of national sublimation once again, a poor emergency should have been buried with Mussolini. The whole country is suffering from a national hangover right now, and there are plenty of voters who believe the and the Congress Party back in 2007 it's the remedy like Mussolini, she said the mafias run on time."

If Dean is worried about such sentiments, the hard-boiled crime doc doesn't show it. He has survived a plane crash that killed another of fellow passengers—and some intelligence experts suspect the crash was no accident. His newly formed Justice City is a packed-together coalition of

www.ijer.org

anti-Congress factions from both the right and the left. But Devee marches imperturbably ahead, seemingly paying little attention to the buying of the political wolves (apparently even louder at both Janmabhoomi and

Grinding Desai's first year in office as an independent's nightmare. He got as far as the 1997 monsoon progress. Give him 18 for effectiveness in understanding an unscrupulous financial policy which keeps both friends of fossilfuels but not customers. As for his attempts to contain inflation through a state-managed rupee, though he was a pro-his political situation despite a sensible oil strike hanging over her. She believes even though a neologism, Capital has dropped her once all-powerful Congress Party in awe, a pair of usurpers in a hostile, seemingly intent on ousting her from power. With Devaraj managing his antagonists, Desai is in a better position, thanks to large, well-organized labour unions in each. But the two sides need to know says accurately, "If no one wins" would throw the country back into Desai.

Datta has declared that India's next election as his number one concern, a political decision since more than 500 million of his constituents eat out a gravity losing trying to cook life from the rapidly unfolding and faceted composite. The average weekly per capita income of an Indian farmer is \$1.18. Most of such a rainfall headed back to rural

on (opposite page). Gandhi just after being released without bail on corruption charges (below), and a New Delhi crowd marking what may be the beginning of a general strike a short distance away. For more than twelve days, India has been





leaders, and revolutionaries who together earned the agricultural community the grime of a brutal one-sidedness. The immediate goal of massive land reforms is to provide more jobs for the surplus under-employed Indian work force. On Juneau's drawing boards are high-profile schemes to create 300 million new Indian jobs by 1988—and that translates on average to 30,000 jobs every week, for the next 10 years. That cost money, much more than the \$3.5 billion in India's current foreign exchange reserves could finance on its own. The West's industrial nations are the prime source, \$6.7 billion in aid coming through the World Bank alone.

Faced with the unemployment crisis which unashamedly plagues India, it's clear that Deosa seems intent on driving a number of large, multinational corporations out of the country through the judicious application of legislation which has disgruntled the business world for years. The two biggest areas to put pressure on are auto and Coca-Cola. Discreet consumers in India, there are 30,000 of them, are terminally brainwashed in various parts of the country. But by mid-1978, India will have closed its Indian doors for good because it refuses to obey a jaunty Juneau order to sell a majority of its shares to Indian mobsters. Coca-Cola has left India because Juneau dogmatically insisted that the firm must doak its relationship with the Indians—specifically to reveal the ingredients which go into the top secret Coke mix. Since the segue has always been looked in a soft in Atlanta, Georgia, and only a handful of senior Coke executives have ever learned the precise details, Deosa has chosen exile from India over a break in its security. Indians are chugging a locally produced substance brand—77—now named for the year in which the Juneau party took power.

To date, some 60 multinational companies have declared that they, too, are persona non grata because of the hard-nosed manner in which the Juneau slanted military minister, George Fernandez, maintained influence on corporate ownership. Fernandez clearly bypassed by Chata's rural industrial committee

Gossi with Gromyko just after the Juneau victory in 1977; first come, first served

"Where existing industry can produce, small industry should not," he insists. "What small, run producer, measure shall not. What medium can produce, big may not." In effect, this keeps the big factories out of the marketplace and dealers may cottage industries scattered out across the Indian countryside. Every large plant driving costs India jobs and drives up the price of manufactured goods by eliminating mass production efficiency and competition.

In the field of foreign affairs, Deosa has managed to keep both Soviet bureaucrats and his free world colleagues happy with developments in India, licensing India's turn to Moscow just a bit ahead of a President Jimmy Carter's visit to India in January in an opportunity to re-inforce the United States' 1974 "soft" toward Pakistan. When Juneau awoke and power last March, a swarthy Andrei Gromyko who was almost the last Foreign Minister to fly directly to Deosa's office, had Moscow's recognition of the secessionist shanty not defect. Deosa repaid the Russian visit in full and supplied Soviet replacement parts for India's tank forces and its military jet fleet have continued uninterrupted.

The widely publicized diplomatic gaffe during Carter's visit, where the President's references to a "solid and blood letter" to Deosa on atomic fuel were picked up by a low aide, have had no apparent adverse influence on Indian-American relations. Deosa has emerged from this snub much larger in Indian eyes, a leader who can stand up to Washington's pressure—and rudeness—and still obtain the American-supplied enriched uranium and heavy water needed for the construction of Indian atomic research and energy production. There beats a kind of peasant pride in the Indian heart that a life is still very much a backward agrarian culture of self-proclaimed pacifists it ranks among the five countries of the world to have successfully exploited a nuclear weapon.

Negotiating by way through the international trials of such an unpredictable nation as one being run by Indians by a

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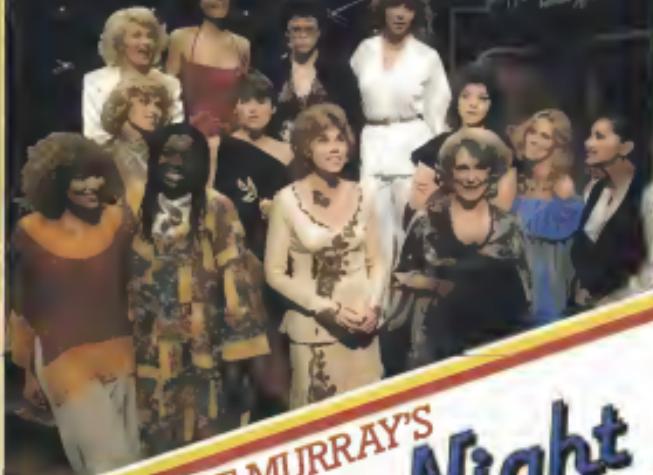
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rate of suicides is another—yet Desai and Joceta seem determined to bring social prohibition to India within four years. It could be an magnificently moist appetizer tempered by scorn, yet the rabidly moralistic daves await: "There is no halfway house in this matter." He told followers not long ago: "It is not a sin of negligence but of happiness of people which is in danger as a result of liquor." Of all the statements at which to laugh, Desai seems to be sitting at the top of the heap. In fact, however, many of the Indian masses are also dry. Even where liquor is legal, it is only available to the public on about 300 dates a year with religious and secular holidays closing down the outlets 25 days a week on average. Indian home consumption totals a mere one tenth of a litre per person per year.

But for Desai, it's a renewal of an old crusade. When he was chief minister for Bombay a quarter century ago, he advocated total prohibition, with predictable Al Capone results: bootleg stills belched out millions of gallons of lethal bathtub gin which blanched, deformed or parlayed into drunken stupors shot a can on the streets for control of the speakeasy. The theory we're shown isn't quite corrupted by narrowminded snobbery. What happened in Bombay, Desai claims, was an unplanned, uncoordinated act: "I do not think prohibition remains long a argument if only requires will be present. So we saw what shopkeepers are being granted and when the raising permit lapses, they will not be renewed."

Desai has been criticized for his moral vision on the subject of prohibition from every side. Edna Kishimoto, though unapologetic, is not so disengaged as poor thinking. "The preceding moralist point of view is captured by Dr. R. V. Rajan, former dean of Madras Medical College, who says: 'Total prohibition is not a means of impeding poverty, and it will be a red in futility.' Politicians have warned Desai that India will become of alcohol—stagnant, decadent and that the Indian精英 will begin to look like Americans.

He argues, gained a powerful weapon when Desai admitted that he has been adhering to a drink himself for the past five or six years. It's "a glass of my own wine"—about six to eight ounces—every morning. It is very good for you, and it gives me "energy and drive." "He'll have an all drinking his 'Morality-vite' k."

If prohibition isn't primarily the torment that it is for Desai and his white-clad female supporters, then perhaps the inadmirable 60-year-old Indira Gandhi is a more likely political catalyst, represented by her tenacity, acquired for the causes of her 21-month "emergency" dictatorship and now the letting her husband's name, Sonia Gandhi, out of her mouth around Haji Cogia in a whisper. Today she's on the search once again, drawing large crowds when she speaks, persuading garrulous Indian overlords and

top politicians that loyalty to her will be rewarded when she reasserts her power and making a mockery of court attempts to hold her accountable. Her critics commented in the last years of her rule: So far she's been arrested, released, investigated by a judicial committee—and the legal fight continues but barely begun.

Miss Gandhi's current nemesis is the Shah Commission—a government body set up in September to investigate the "no center" of the emergency. Headed by J. C. Chakrabarti, the former chief justice of India, it also represents the Miss Gandhi hypothesis interestingly, and when she checked the accusations it declined her to the bar. She promptly refused to take it; the witness

chair, (b) the cork and (c) any way of the proceeding seriously. Her appearances at the ornate Palais House to date have been heroic, with her either lecturing the commission on her right not to interfere in herself, or remaining mute. Sajay and most of the family are in the audience. Indira's grip on power usually appears on cue to beset the commission members and create a man-not-music, bringing in the police sweeping their floor.

The beauty is to Miss Gandhi is that she remains a national personality very much in the political limelight, even though the no longer runs in the Lal Bahadur (prime minister) and has no direct influence on government. She demonstrated her self



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conservative muscle only strained when the single-handedly split the 35-year-old Congress Party and took her followers into a new political alignment, bravely labelled by India's Congress Party. She promptly consolidated her political presence as her breakaway party went to power in the big northern states of Karnataka and Andhra Pradesh in elections at the end of February.

While all the political wrangling has been taking place inside the Congress tent, Deve and Jan have been busily hacking away at the financial guy wires holding the structure up. In a surprise move several weeks ago, the government declared all 10,000, 5,000 and 1,000 rupee notes to be illegal tender after a pre-announced date. The decision to ban Congress had a huge wave of these large denominations out of the remainder of \$30 million legally controlled by big business.

Heldans were forced to turn the nearest over to India's Central Bank, segment for their origin, then used to set up separate funds in legal, smaller denominations held to be returned to them. At the peak of the drive, about 3,000 people a day in Bangalore were coming forward with loads of big bills and some rather intricate "explanations." On the black market which flourished in Bangalore during the last days

Agriculture, thanks to two good harvests, has saved Deve's popularity so far, but his prohibition policies have won him few friends. (Left)—Indira's crowd. (Right)—Jan together with Deve, Deve.

of the demonstration drive, 10,000 rupee notes were going for 25% rupees, so questions asked. But there's been no explanation that the drive hurt the Congress or Congress any more than it wounded the many thousands of entrepreneurs in India who have long made massive profits out of the so-called "parallel economy," the current euphemism for the broad variety of black market transactions in which every Indians are busy involved.

That Deve and Jan are India's remedy is becoming increasingly clear as the political situation here today will fragile hold together not so much by a commitment to political reform as by the support of an openly declared destruction-of-the-leader. It still has failed to convince a majority of disillusioned voters that even though Deve's cabinet is almost 100% Hindus of Deve's cabinet, Deve continues to argue that its lack of program is due to the problems he dismantled 20 years of Congress rule, but that story is now a little stale.

The Janata group know it is led by an elderly who despite the health problems quadriplegia he attributes to his union, causes a long-range source of dynamic leadership. It makes that the electorate is increasingly aware as prices rise and the increasing population explosion adds 30,000 new, hungry mouths to the overfed landless rural areas. Its policies are limited not by a peasant affection for Deve nor an enthusiastic belief in all his programs, but rather by a fear of fascism (Deve) or the goals by a monarch (Deve). Congress Party which has 30 years of voter loyalty to claim again. After winning a general election to monarch Deve are the Marathas who unexpectedly captured Tripura in a recent election, a second win for the Communists, following victory in West Bengal last summer. The first anniversary of its existence in power is not a particularly joyful one for Janata. □

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A straw in the wind

Where does Rod Biron stand? On both sides of the fence By David Thomas

The rural folk of Lotbinière County are subtle, down-to-earth sorts who reject the fashionable label "proud Québécois," preferring instead to mark their identity. These are the French Canadians who comprise up among those English-speaking countrymen those nostalgic images of autumn sugar cubes in springtime, bountiful apple cider at fall and, in the deep of winter, Saturday nights of fields music and softball games. In Lotbinière, squeezed between the St. Lawrence River and the Appalachian foothills southeast of Quebec City, that old Quebec seems disappointingly uncharmed by the attractions of language and separation. Its re-

habitant worry more about milk prices and the state of the roads than the richest dairy land in Canada, roads busy with traffic only once a week. Sunday morning when farmers and their families drive pastways across, *petites fortes* stands and century-old houses, capped by caving, normandique roofs, as they converge on one of the silver-steeped churches that still anchor rural Quebec to the state of mind and religion. The political decisions that these simple, unlettered people reach in the voting booths could tip the balance in Quebec's referendum. For or against Confederation.

In the November, 1976 election that brought René Lévesque to power, Lotbinière and nine other country ridings ignored the savage fight between Liberals and Patriotes, choosing the past over the future by voting Union Nationale, a party created by the late but hardly forgotten eccentric Maurice Duplessis, who died as premier in 1959. In new and politically alterna-

Biron appropriately pleased at entering the Union Nationale leadership in 1976. He's squarely in support of whatever wins.



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National the allegiance of one in five voters across Quebec.

Montreal's English community is the heart of rural Quebec between Montreal and Quebec City, which, after a well orchestrated scare campaign by the Liberals in 1974, forced the U.S. to leave the PQ in fact, the current Liberal leadership fight between Claude Ryan and Raymond Charette, though a focus of urban attention, holds little interest for many who consider it not constituted much of a threat to the party. Ironically Ryan may be better known outside Quebec than deep within the province. An adorably endearing Ryan began his political career in the rural West Kildonan by boasting: "I am not even half our number here and half of [Ryan's] 'big' one, so make what the Liberals choose to do, Ryan and the Union Nationale voters have yet to decide themselves on the agreeable relationship or disaffection from Canada. It remains to see whether they will vote for us."

What has caused the acceptance at face value, however, for example, in a referendum in Quebec's native country-style areas well before Confederation and a dozen or more decades of the French reforms. An English-speaking Ontario is not a disaster, he simply accepts.

Predictably, rural Quebecers are famously independent. In 1970, they labelled a grant the coach received from federal and provincial governments and the Church by voting, mainly in a case, against industry expansion. That year, federal authorities proclaimed French Quebec's devotion for English Canada's attachment to Britain. And it is a permanent part of rural life, the motto goes (*Dieu, La Patrie, La Famille*) do it find, they follow.

That is why Brian's evolution as party leader is a steady slide from adenoid isolation to shabby marginalism — or no mean gain. Brian, slightly tailoring himself over his all, this front and a substantial black beard framing his craggy features, is decisively dedicated on the issue of Quebec's independence referendum. "It would be premature and in bad faith to side with the 'Yes' or the 'No' before the question is raised." His indecision is calculated and reflects the ambiguous mood of the entire rural society to be with the women and girls and no men take a stand.

Brian's recent referendum pressed our early, but Brian's without industry, may be compensated. Having acquired a two-for-one match and real power price during his tour at the highest ranking deposit of the Royal Canadian Service club in Roman Catholicism. Within those two years ago he ran his glad-handing charm to the resurrection of the Union Nationale. Now! Brian has achieved a respectable success by applying to politics the obsessive energies and businesslike eye for the promising that he required

portant to our economy. The Americans come to Quebec to see something different than the United States — the French fact. That's why the most English English signs were French words, usually because no one could produce English Quebec."

Montreal's English-speaking majority was established by Adrien Légaré's legislation of 1974 which established the cause for a unilingual Quebec subsequently claimed in by the Parti Québécois. The English bloc was no obvious electoral organism and when the election was called, Brian came in like Duddy Warbucks, rough and practical with a genuine respect to reason of fiscal sense to English. His English news-

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paper job interview: "This man speaks your language."

The movement earned a majority of only one employee, member, Pierre Cloutier William Shaw, who quickly demonstrated a mélange of naïvety and shrewdness. After his first few days in the National Assembly, Shaw accused fellow single members of selling out in the French. "It takes my stomach to hear people like [Liberal] Victor Goldthorn speaking French. His voice is English and he should represent them in English," Shaw informed the assembly he would himself speak English because he was preoccupied. French-speaking has to be misunderstood in that language. His chosen interpretation was that all his elected colleagues in the assembly of English Montreal are "not English."

Now embarrassed, Shaw and his party with gonomic stamp to organize the extension of English in Montreal from Quebec. When Shaw finally quit the party last month not as an independent, the high of relief within the Union National had the face of a monosyllabic English-speaking Liberal could inhibit to break the data should be try to do them.

Shaw's elimination was a matter of time since, after sacking off the single assembly as a bad idea, maintained a radically new language policy which differed only in name from the re-legislation. "We are following the evolution of Quebec," Shaw explained. "But it was an evolution on the part of Quebec's constitutional future that finally forced Shaw to depict Shaw as a federalist to define himself as an 'constitutional federalist' and Shaw denied his leadership/autonomy approach to politics was dangerous. "He's looking for votes among English supporters and the system can't continue to retain the rental back-

ing load. He's trying to have it both ways and eat it too." A corresponding assessment comes from the U.S. leader's brother Paul-Emile, a committed Francophile. "Rod has absolutely no sense of social responsibility. It's like he doesn't have a real nose for the weaknesses of others."

Shaw does not disguise his interfering strategy and is proud to have earned the title of business in politics. The Union Nationalist, he says, is "an moderate, mainstream party of the right" and in contrast, "moderate nationalists and Englishmen who don't care."

What shows now out of the way, the continued existence of English in Quebec will heat up their contention to enlighten the party's English-earrings panhandle—Quebec partition, that is. Explosive paved the country roads, brought electricity to the farms and made "profound advances" the popular crowd. Shaw's falling into line, helping turn the rural Union National into a tall figure and removing the constitutional stigma of another late in premier Daniel Johnson, who demanded "adults on independence."

Since now seems to have reluctantly over reintegration, reorganization, regional economic development and cultural affairs. He tells Quebecers they are "a people whose right to self-determination cannot be denied."

Independence still ranks below secession as an issue in rural Quebec but the government is about to defuse tensions with a shower of measures designed to prove it can do a better job with agriculture than Ottawa. Federal control over milk production has turned the Ottawa government



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into the easily identified silence of a dairy economy, shifting because of an efficiency. Practically encouraged to do nothing, suddenly were told what they were supposed to march into the sunken shell tank and start filling it up again. And then, there was this odd, super-mild case. Throughout the rural community farmers and their barn sides as if to honor to express their rage at "Another achievement of the federal government—a 20% drop in farm income." One of every four Quebec farmers will be forced this year to default on loans used to increase production of milk the federal government now doesn't want them produce.

If so, the PQ leaders will be hard put to mount a vigorous defense of federalism during the referendum campaign. The PQ strategy appears to be to act as if there be plotting to rob rural constituents and forcing the Union Nationale into the "no" camp. At the very least, they hope the government, the Union Nationale and its open supporters will be forced to back off. But it would still be a risk to drive for sovereignty so far in two hours less than 100 days at the price of inciting from another angle. It is the situation of the PQ that's destroying Quebec, not the independence cause.

That's the kind of language appreciated by the 15000 protesters marching in the secession half of the Old Montreal park, says a Lawyer Stéphane. Mostly middle-aged, these men and women are Barzani's informal organization in Lachineur County and the PQ leader uses them in his test market. This is a society used to the evidence. Barzani's eyes glow like the digits of a pocket calculator as he coolly imposes the strictest prefabricated response to comment or question. Most over do party ranks and the PQ's referendum on Constitution, and when Barzani dems his eye glass with bare comprehension, Sir John drops the issue and goes back to his lecture on the schools and one man's appeal that pupils be forbidden "love of province, love of flag and love of religion." Says Georges Lortie, Barzani's chief riding electioneer: "Nahido, talks about language or independence. Those things are far away from here."

Soon, however, the issue will be faced by the government's referendum campaign and rural Quebecers will have to decide how their interests nationalism in a way they never thought possible. Barzani's role will be less one of a leader than that of a bureaucrat. For this, over the coming months will undergo a remarkable political transformation as a transition, as change or alternatively, in the traditional loyalty to the government of Quebec whenever Quebec is panned in the fox. Watch Rodriguez Barzani. His ear is pressed to the ground, listening sharply for sudden spurts of growth down among the grass roots. When he recognizes which way his party is going on the Quebec referendum he expects to be on the winning side.

The World

Violent Saturday

The kabib of Ma'ale Michaeli has on Israel's Mediterranean highway router strip. Ruth's red Ingelstad apartment building meets each other and on a spring Sabbath the wind is strown with sun and sea bather. Saturday, March 11, however was not an ordinary spring. Sabbath. Governor of the Palestine Liberation Organization's transport to Tel Aviv, slaking the river beach mats. They are scattered in rubber droplets, wet sand, pale yellow sponge which Israeli official drivers and aid had reached in some 100 vehicles, including 27 dead. It was the war-over-again. Tulya, Anthypatia in French and referring the Masada accident in 1974 when 28 people, most of them children, were killed in a school surge.

"They were there," to Tel Aviv, To Tel Aviv," said Avraham Shavit, who has been a soldier since 1967. "And they wouldn't have known what we did what they were, but they were shooting all the way." As the Israeli huddled near the floor, summits firing over their heads, the bus entered around a point where a second road block 13 miles north of the city and was finally halted by a more solid security barrier a mere mile or so from the city.

"Suddenly we were being shot at from all directions," said Shavit. "It was hellfire." Shavit used a gun from one terrorist, shot at, shot at two more and was wounded himself in the face, arms and shoulder. Then, as the terrorists tried to blast their way clear, one of them lobbed a grenade back into the bus. There were two more explosions and the vehicle blew up.

Ahorne Israeli troops combed the nearby hills down for the survivors while ambulances shuttled to and from the charred and gutted bus. At least 25 bodies were found inside, one of them a 16-year-old girl clutching a toothbrush. Police found one wounded terrorist near the wrecked vehicle, but the last comrade of three others and the eastern district's 300 000 inhabitants were placed under curfew.

As the search continued into a second day, in cold and blustery weather, worldwide condemnation of the attack poured

south towards Tel Aviv, 30 miles away.

They then seized a bus ordered the 15-20 dead survivors back on board and continued on their way, firing at passing cars, until they met a second bus, carrying 50 tourists on a cave tour. Some of the passengers were sleeping others singing, when the first terrorist bulletopped into the south, killing the driver and a passenger running next to him. All the passengers were herded into a hall. All the passengers shot got back on the bus and the terrorists shot again.

"They were there," To Tel Aviv, To Tel Aviv," said Avraham Shavit, who has been a soldier since 1967. "And they wouldn't have known what we did what they were, but they were shooting all the way." As the Israeli huddled near the floor, summits firing over their heads, the bus entered around a point where a second road block 13 miles north of the city and was finally halted by a more solid security barrier a mere mile or so from the city.



An Israeli trooper administering aid to a wounded Palestinian PLO terrorist for one side, at least, of this battle didn't stop

President Jimmy Carter sent a message to Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin who had immediately canceled a planned trip to Washington for further Middle East peace negotiations his resolution at the "cowardly and senseless attack." There were similar responses from other world leaders.

Prime Minister Begin, Defense Minister Avigdor Kahane (who interrupted his US tour to hearing the news) and the rest of the Israeli cabinet were to consider possible reprisals when Endo Begin later issued a





A terrorist is wounded in the attack. He is lifted to his feet by comrades for transport to hospital. His eyes are numbed by acid

statement labeling the PLO "most dependable organization to arm Arab Nazis."

The unyielding propagandist was understandable. It was left to an Egyptian Foreign Minister Butros Ghali to the east, to put into words what was worrying the rest of the world. Said Ghali: "My only hope is that this will shorten the process of peace." He had to wait 24 hours for his answer to a growing anger. But when it came, it was the right one. "Where we desire in Egypt to make the agreement, the bloody virus does not prevent us from exacting revenge."

ETHIOPIA

In dubious battle

For three decades, the people of the northern Ethiopian province of Tigray have been fighting for their independence. Early this month, they had won control of 90% of their homeland. But the noisy tony world of power politics has turned against them and they face the full fury of a Russian-Cuban-Ethiopian assault. Meles Zenawi, a correspondent George Sommerville, made this four-month stay with the rebels, and tag along their fragile militia marching at night and bombed by Ethiopian warplanes in his trenches above Amhara. Here I fled this report from the safety of the beleaguered capital, Addis Ababa.

"0200 GMT this is London: The carefully-phrased and cultured tones of the

EAC announced, crackling and hissing through the amateur radio being a focus of concentration on the face of Teferi Lader. He shoves and pulls his notebook lighter round him. He is struggling not only with a foreign language but with the bring-downs of a nearly 8 billion \$ fight up in the Ethiopian highlands. Just to keep you from:

Today the news is bad. The government of Somalia, owing to the overwhelming firepower of the Soviet-supplied and commanded Ethiopian army and its commandos of Cuban "volunteers," has withdrawn its forces from the disputed Ogaden region to the south. This means one thing: most of the 60,000 troops who have been fighting on the Ethiopian side of the Ogaden will be sent north to reinforce Addis Ababa, capital of Ethiopia, which itself is under assault by the Eritrean Popular Liberation Front (EPLF) and their allies in the Ethiopian Liberation Front (ELF). They have been fighting for months.

Teferi points his head over the top of the trench for a quick look at the 100 sleeping men. This will be the last chance for him to do so until nightfall, during the day such an action would attract attention from the city's defenders or from an Ethiopian plane—one of the many that seemed to be continually overhead.

Now, however, dawn has not yet touched the mountain seven miles away on the other side of the city, where 100,000 people are still asleep in their homes. There is enough light, however, for Teferi to pick out the city's spire, the twin towers of the international airport. There aren't many places there the Ethiopian

garrison doesn't want to risk their capture. Is there an air threat? Russia's MiG transports armed with harpoons have harpooned the day before with their new Smerch missile rocket launchers, the ones they call Strela Organs. They look very impressive but Teferi and his comrades laugh at them. "They make a great noise but they don't do much damage," he says.

Diving back into the trench Teferi goes on a rammed conversation among his colleagues. Early morning is the time for the political discussion. Today the subject is the Soviets' withdrawal. In the next few minutes a consensus emerges: the Soviets made a gross error of judgment in expecting the United States and the other Western powers to come to their aid.

One of the basic philosophicals of the EPLF fighters is that they must be self-reliant whatever the cost. They acknowledge gratefully the aid given by the Soviets, Libyans, Kuwait, Syria and the Palestine Liberation Organization. The Ethiopians are taught that they must continue their struggle for independence without the aid of anyone, especially the Soviets.

On the eve of the military implosion of the Soviets over the world's waves are doctored. Some of the younger men have been saying for months that the early optimism of their fight for independence has been lost. The classic guerrilla sacrifice which resulted in the rapid liberation of towns like Keren, Dejebere and Gondar has been abandoned. In their eyes the war has become conventional. "Setting in a trench all day allows the enemy to hit you with bombs, rockets and artillery, we can't capture Addis Ababa. We must strike now, before the Ethiopians have a chance to move forces from the South," they argue. Theodirer runs up the tattered banner in come: that the enemy will be starved out.

Briefly the discussion then turns to the Raya's involvement in the tangled and bloody affairs of the Horn of Africa. No one has much to say. There was a time

when



when the Soviet Union supported the Raya, but the side of superpower politics obscures Raya and me. The Soviets are fighting with the enemy, helping to suppress the "freedom fighters." They once championed. Perhaps, say Teferi and his friends, the Russians have made a mistake? Avarice has been cited as the reason that the USSR has been having secret contact with Moscow again recently. But nothing is for sure. The unit's political officer, who has been taking notes, interjects: "Later he will make a daily report to the local commander; meanwhile there is fighting to be done."

Teferi strategy on the Amhara front is simply to contain the garrison in the city. The Ethiopians regularly try to break out to the main road to the capital, Addis Ababa. They also had access to the water supply in the western suburbs of the city. Amhara is short of water and the small dam

dam area taken by the EPLF placed a last



there is vital. So the ruse has to be kept up. The need is all the greater because of attrition of the beginning, first a field by the Tigray, the smaller and less well equipped of the independence movements. The person has explained this weak link frequently and the EPLF always has to be ready to send in reinforcements.

Both sides know that control of Amhara is crucial. To the Amhara, to capture would mean international recognition and acceptance. To the Tigray, to lose it would mean the fall of the nation of Melegue, Haro, Marwa. So do the Ethiopians F-5, Mig-17 and Mig-21 jet strike aircraft take to the air, poaching guerrilla positions, while overhead droves of medium-sized transport planes bring in reinforcements and supplies for the garrison of 20,000. The civilians have to buy what they can on the black market. An endless stream of refugees and military deserters reaches to the bad conditions of the garnisons and the encampments.

Teferi is not the only member of his family fighting in the ELF. He has a brother in the frontlines at the nearby town of Massewa, where the three contended initially with the Tigrayans, then reached in the winter to develop the area. Roman and Ethiopian warplanes anchored two miles out to sea keep up a diversionary barrage of shells and rocket salvos from ship-mounted Strela Organs. Even if the Ethiopian garrison was to be pushed into the sea, the shelling and salvos would continue. Backed by the ever present threat of air attacks, normal life in the once lush and fertile part of Massewa would be impossible.

In the other liberated towns and villages a semblance of normal life exists. Teferi's sister is a cook "flying" in the army's department of mass reorganization in Ethiopia's second city of Keren. Before the revolution she would have been relegated to the file of second class citizen. Her present would have arranged a marriage for her and she would have been confined to life over whelming odds, by the time these words are read.

EPLF soldiers rest training last September. The war goes on handily. It goes terribly

behind the red. Now, the current hot Ross-Kabila takes its strong centrally over her shoulder as the ardent temporary leader for displaced persons, refugees, political exiles, former enemies and shepherds young children to school each evening.

The only concession made by the rebels is to the fact that it is warmer in that schools now operate at night, to avoid the potentially disastrous effects of daylight bombing. Ethiopian aircraft concentrate entirely on civilian targets. Keen's hospital was flattened by a 250 kilogram bomb and one person was killed in the grain market. Other liberated towns and villages, notably Dejebere and Adi Hamed, have fallen victim to internationally outlawed phosphorus bombs, as well as regular. In both cases, was there military activity immediately nearby?

For fighters like Teferi, this is all part of the war. Ignoring the phosphorus bombs, fight with the dedication of Teferi Lader are rapidly reconstructing a viable society. Ethiopia has always been a fragile land and in those liberated areas which have seen a complete growth in order independent, the harvest has been greater than planned.

However, the "Ethiopia problem" can last by the United Nations as long as 1989 will exist in the neighboring Sudan, there are estimated to be up to 70,000 Ethiopian refugees, countries such as Sweden and the United States have several thousand more. And now that the EPLF's power base can no longer be considered as ironclad, Teferi is at least likely that the 20,000 strong garrison is only will be able to withstand the storms of fire that will be turned against them. The tactical advantage is the hills above Amhara may always have been used for them by over whelming odds, by the time these words are read.

People

On the night of March 8, *Chapelle's Joke* started in a major CBC television production of Carol Bolt's *Over Night Show*. But she didn't get to appear herself; about the same time she was onstage during the opening night performance of *The Sister Of Bernadette*, the least busy night in the Yankovic viral that's gripping (appropriately) North America. She's a brat, incidentally, who's the Cousin—the first woman (so far as anyone knows) to play her anywhere. To compensate the oddity, the cards she so personalized in *Over Night Show* have been re-

and we got together and that we took it down to a quarter of an inch. Then we started to shave. I looks fancy, but I don't think it. I'm so concerned about playing *Uncle Tom* that I don't care."

The new generation of *residual*—those with only television (so far) to look back on—will be gratified to know that Wally and The Better are together again. What *Louie & Co.* Beware means is the year 1994 the Cleaver brothers—Tony Dow as Wally, Jerry Mathers as The Better—



Dow (left) and Mathers when they were leaving it to Beaver, side by side again

are reuniting in a revival of *Beaver-Beaver*, a stage French film that bombed on Broadway back in 1965, and then died again in a movie. They did it for eight weeks at Kansas City's Bijou just around the corner from Peterborough, Ontario. Jerry is 32, and sounds just the same as he did 15 years ago. Mathers is 28, his voice has changed.

In the last couple of weeks Roger Moore, who plays Elstern's butler, Jim Jones Bond and Lee Majors who plays the television entrepreneur, Steve Austin, have talked about how nobody takes them seriously as actors. How they talk about it is quite special. Major means that he is never given any recognition for his skills, thus "you once have I been offered a film by the studio [Universal], which produces the Six Million Dollar Man, in the five years I've been working here. It makes me mad to think the studio hasn't even appreciated my abilities." Moore, on the other hand, is quite mad about himself. "I'm the longest actor in Christendom," he gloats. Noel Coward admiring him, in keeping with his limited talents, to grab every part offered him. He cautions a director warning him to keep treading on stage or before a camera, "Don't let me do your job for you," he says. "Well, I've adhered to those pieces of advice emphatically and here I am—having a big ego and experience but still a lonely star."



With their reputations as hooking up primarily on the college circuit nowdays in the late Sixties and early Seventies, Majors, who did the years in the U.S. Air Force, and Moore, who did the years in Vietnam, still don't know what set off that published rumor since he was never near the place. He went into real estate. Dow into construction, but right now they

John is...One Night Stand (left) and Beaver (right) bring the girl from the '60s

dated in the various of crew cut-offs, long hair, and tie-in shirts. In the case of "When I'm playing, part 2," Julie explains, "I think, 'How should my appearance be?' I thought several months ago, 'My hair, it has to go.' We all discussed it

When Dr. Frankenstein sat about his most publicized work, his intent was to create a perfectman. We'll know the results. *Geneva Man*, it seems, was still ready to seize the chance. The former Hawaii car salesman, so ex-prodigy! Elvis Presley that he just had to have his face, actually underwent plastic surgery to get it. Sadly, he did not. When the blemishes came off, Wiles, who had some aspirations to rock superstardom—despite a lack of dramatics skill in that area—did not look even a little like his hero. He does, however, look like Wayne Newton. Oh well, Igor, back to car driving board!

Presley (left), Wiles (center) and Newton (right); well, it wasn't a total loss



Business

There's life in the oil fields yet

It all began as a spin-off of the long-gone Alberta Energy Ministry. Don Girty—not a normally garrulous politician—joined his wife and her son, spin out of a Heritage Savings and Trust fund in 1982. Edmonton, September of '88, that included Alberta's first oilfield geologist. Take that West Pembina field for example. Biggest strike in over a decade. That was back the great West Pembina oil rush and possibly the national energy panacea.

Pembina, Alberta is a desolate place located about 75 miles west of Edmonton. Not accustomed to who you believe there is enough oil in the new discovery to supply the country for a long time (say to no 100,000 barrels or merely enough to make a number of already moderately rich Calgarians very rich). Considering Pembina had already contributed Canada's largest oil field (1.7 billion barrels), it might be thought that little more remained to be discovered in the area. In fact, nearly everybody in the industry (Albertans only recognize one test and nothing though) predicted that for the quantity of a century since the discovery of the first Pembina field about 3,400 feet below the surface back in the 1950s. The fact that one company, Canadian Standard Oil Company, of the Specimen and Standard Oil Co. of California, didn't share the consensus resulted from a combination of a few new wrinkles on some highly sophisticated exploration technology, a good deal of savvy on the part of petroleum bureaucrats and a lot of luck. Most of the early discoveries in the western plains were great size or at least looks of oil—expressed sandstone lying above and embedded under the surface of the earth. As such they were fairly easy to spot even with the rudimentary technology then in use.

When Chevron began to look at the West Pembina area early in 1974 the company was looking at a part of the world that was assumed to be completely new virgin Pembina/oil producers—Mo-

bi, Arizona, Texas—all but literally miles of seismic cross sections in a ratio of the days when they had made the biggest oil strike in Canadian history. What they saw on the cross sections was what they had been told: a very large oil reservoir at a depth of between 5,000 and 7,000 feet and nothing else.

But what Gerry Henderson, vice-president of exploration

for Petro-Canada, had in mind and the world was not prepared for was a world-leading geological team. His company, backed by one of the finest exploration technologies in the world courtesy of the Chevron Research Laboratories of California, had both the hard and the soft, what they needed is. Unlike the broad expanse of the Pembina field, the West Pembina is a isolated in thin vertical cones (called anticlinal faults of rock). It is strong geologists noted "like trying to find a purple people two miles down." Difficult, but it

and his team at Chevron saw what enormous potential in much lower areas at a depth of about two miles. Henderson, who was a member of the remarkable McHugh Class of '48 (fellow alumni include Jack Patten, the now legendary producer of Ranger Oil (Canada) Ltd., Paul Bradley and numerous other oil millionaires), had sensed a world-leading geological team. His company, backed by one of the finest exploration technologies in the world courtesy of the Chevron Research Laboratories of California, had both the hard and the soft,

They needed it. Unlike the broad expanse of the Pembina field, the West Pembina is a isolated in thin vertical cones (called anticlinal faults of rock). It is strong geologists noted "like trying to find a purple people two miles down." Difficult, but it



Henderson studying a seismic section of the West Pembina area, and (right) a rig already drilling there. It just shows what you find if you dig deeply enough

the end not a match for the sophomore nation of amateur shock seismic explorers, the latent in computer digital analysis and the massive manpower of Chevron's geological and geophysical forces. By the fall of 1974 another tremendous experiment had made its first stop—success.

During the next two years, Chevron decided it was time for some of these potential rock bands, many of them very loud already spoken for by the competition, and company was presented with the not insubstantial problem of acquiring the rights without paying the same price. Here the close tactic is to tie the small independent largely Canadian-owned exploration companies to purchase the option required. Chevron extended the principle right up to the drilling stage setting the tone of secrecy which was to become a hallmark of the operation.

In buying the acreage they needed, the Chevron exploration executives were aided by the recent inclusion in Alberta or industry regulations which will force companies which do an acreage explore the rock deeper than they now do in refusing those rights to the Cross by 1982. Given the choice of selling the rights to some offshore independent—in this case a startling honor for Chevron—or of having them sold in five years by the previous many companies blithely and unwittingly discarded the fortunes in oil wealth on which they were built.

But oil from land had to wait until fall when Dan Gertler, Alberta's minister for natural resources, struck a deal with one of the local currency that the entire river of Alberta's oil pipeline lay up ahead of ultimate blizzard over the existence of the Chevron discovery. Three months' frenzied building by large parts of the oil industry, which had recognized the potential of the West Peace, had pushed Alberta petroleum land lease revenues up to a record \$380 million—\$409 million more than the previous single year record set in 1975.

The oil cash also opened the western side of petroleum pipelines well. With the news of the find, the realization that the finders were very special people showed on a large number of potential employers at the same time. And occasionally departing employees have been known to take the secrets of their former employers with them.

Bonnie Chevron is under an contract to legally impossible to match my big offer made by competitors who might wish to poach an ensemble of the talent that led to the most dramatic. This is because an understandable paranoid among the Chevron executives.

The West Peace oil from has not nearly run its course. The first major oil field in nearly 12 years to be discovered in Alberta will the bonanza type of resource inside the private jet that about along the Houston/Calgary corridor. A great deal more is definitely in the offing.

Sports

The Series Of Summer

By Roy MacGregor

It seems as many miners as players were gathered in Daytona, Florida, for the March training camp of the Toronto Blue Jays. Peter Horne, the club's 37-year-old president, sat sheltered from the Gulf winds in a warm trailer. His frayed jeans and tattered leather jacket, his hair wild, was a picture of a rugged soul. He was writer, a player, coach, manager, and owner. He was a pro and a prep—Logo 79 of the Read Clark International Association, dated January 1963—but there was far more distance than a mere 15 years between the card and what he had to say about current negotiations. "We must be firm—otherwise we are as well set up a cash register on the desk and let them take what they need." Through a many windows behind him the players stood motionless in the field, tooled, bunting other kinds of de provocas into the grass, talking as outfielder Bob Butler put it: "Youthful gooks or even baseball." But above, how cheap the players! It was difficult to recall that only a year ago about 40 laughing Blue Jays ran out onto that very field, while some 60 members of the Canadian media stood in the sun and loudly applauded. There is nothing to cheer about this year, though not from a lack of optimism; the future was after all, the wiser in all baseball. Was the east successful new franchise in history and according the players was surely to be the stronger. On this day there were heavy clouds over Diamond's Grove Field and by year's rumble was only a lukewarm atmosphere.

"We are through with contract negotiations," Horne announced in the trailer. He tapped his cigarette reassuringly. "It is time now to concentrate on baseball." He spoke only to a reporter who needed he would have had great difficulty gaining agreement from the 14 players who only the day before had said their careers automatically renewed by the club. Because the players were young professionals with less than two years big-league experience, they were in effect, home-built, in order for older established players such as Rodriguez to command \$170,000 a year as a free agent the players association uses the home-new players, meaning the owners can do as they wish with them. The 11 renewing contracts became binding without so much as the players appearing separate and the owners could pay them whatever they decided provided it was no less than 20% under what the players made in 1973 and your reasonable. The average Blue Jays salary \$37,500 which sounds like a good deal to most people, but it is not even half the \$76,300 average big-leaguer removed or even a quarter the \$134,900 the average Philadelphia Phili-

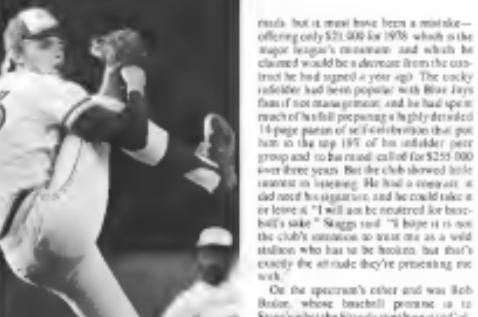
was paid. The Blue Jays did all right, as an estimated \$3.5-million profit at a time when even established sports clubs may mighty just to break even.

But the team not made money there still would have been resources to draw upon. What more reason are offered either by wealthy families, or moreover the Blue Jays and both of them, Horne, Webster, and Butler's wife, Bob's, \$35,000 and even a bit of a large hand thrown in for pocket change, the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce with \$17. A year ago Horne had openly declared there was a sports franchise anywhere with as much financial clout.

Horne was obviously not about to head early. He was tough and hard nosed, but at least he was readily open about it. What Horne was keeping to himself and what might have led to an open honesty had the players known was that the Blue Jays had established a two-million-dollar fund over the winter. It had specially earmarked for the purchase of new highly talented and fresh blood over the spring negotiations came to an end. Players made a name now could be denied even work dully.

Only one of the Blue Jays' second basemen Steve Stanga, flatly refused even to report to camp. He sat by his phone back in Colorado waiting for certain talks that never came. A contract had arrived in the

Blotter in his Toronto office (right) and Garry on the round (left) last year the Blue Jays were happy losers, this year they'll be losers again, this year they'll just be losers.



inda, but it must have been a mistake—offering only \$21,300 for 1978 which is the major league's minimum and which he claimed would be a discount from the contract he had signed a year ago. The cocky rascal had been popular with Blue Jays fans if not management, and he had spent much of his fall preparing a highly detailed 14-page plan of self-enforcement that got him in the top 10% of his industry peer group and to be raised called for \$255,000 over three years. But the club showed little interest in him. "He was a nice guy, it's just not his organization," he said. "I am here to help him, and he could be a nice player." "I will be an asset for him, Bob's sake," Stanga said. "I hope it is not the club's intention to treat me as a wild animal who has to be broken, but that's exactly the attitude they're presenting me with."

On the speculator's side was Bob Butler, whose bushy promise is to bring with the Florida stalemate (Colombia's) side. Butler had come to Florida without a contract but soon on the knowledge that he was the team's best player in 1977 would naturally and easily for his fair success to the compensation committee of the club. Last year, while earning \$36,000 Butler had well enough \$100 to set a record for expansion clubs and was surprised for several all-star rookie teams. He felt he had played his own part and that a hefty raise was due perhaps even more than the \$76,000 he and Horne had discussed casually last September. But when Butler turned up in the winter with an agent in tow and a request for around \$210,000 over two years the discussions with Horne ended abruptly. "It was pretty embarrassing for me," said Butler. "He [the others] had turned up with a reasonable amount of his contract: \$30,000 for one year only. I asked if I could get \$76,000 for my drawing for any years under that contract." Butler said while sitting quietly in the clubhouse.

"When we met he pretty much said he was doing me a big favor by letting me play," Butler said of his meeting in Toronto with Horne. But the club's claim was "No player can stay his player—not even Bob Butler—because people hit the ball park. We drew well last year but no thanks to the way the players played." To that Butler countered: "Maybe he's right—but he didn't do anything to get the people in either. They would have come anyway."

Well, maybe not but likely. Back in the spring of 1976 when Don McDonald, president of Latin American and Caribbean Ltd., took over the club, he had Los Angeles as already known. But he was the right man. "We sought someone who could operate both the baseball and the marketing," says McDonald. "And very few corporations don't have those functions divided." Horne had already proven he could think both tasks.

The bushel knowledge he learned through curious ways by father James Horne, whose baseball credentials have been usurped by the Montreal Royals, Brooklyn and Los Angeles Dodgers, San Diego Padres and currently the California Angels. As the right goes the younger Horne's first impression of baseball, but he learned immediately of not being as interested in the actual game as his friends from the block were. What fascinated young Peter was how the concessions were run and he grew up drawing one day of managing his own supermarket. But baseball was there, was handy, and he had to. He graduated in 1964 with a degree in philosophy, married his high-school sweetheart, Jane, now Mrs. G. House, coming Quebec and used her as a baseball model on the first day of their honeymoon. She was a pretty-looking stamp in his future. His father then with the Dodgers showed an inclination in having him in work in Atlanta for the Dodger minor league there. And he quickly demonstrated a genius for promotion and management. He always worked 12 hours a day right from the start," says Brian Horne. "He had enormous sense of fun in the business side of it and was competitive." He was also interested from taking juries and passing them by moved as quickly going with his father to the San Diego Padres in 1968 and by 1973 was general manager and vice-president of the team. As for the marketing, he came by some of his convictions on his own and instructions from his association with Ray Kroc, the Chicago financier who owned the Padres, and who created the McDonald's hamburger chain. It was Kroc who taught Horne you could "sell the smile if you please." I have the smile," he said, "but I began immediately with a smile—and I keep it there." The smile was popular the day after he was appointed by the Blue Jays on June 12, 1976. He phoned Horne and talked his old friend, Roy McFarland, into managing the



and boards. He kept the "Vandy map" firmly intact that first season. If the first season ended a financial loss at an erratic ascent and Bavan was forced to president and chief operating officer of the club last November.

The residents of the year gone by, however, were still 107 losses. Would 77 million fans return in 1978 to see the team fall even further? It was expected that some of the reported \$3.5-million profit might be used to purchase a few genuine players from the nation's free-agent draft, but though the Blue Jays drafted with young Lynn, Bavan could only count on veteran Dennis Bennett, 32, 3 million-dollar 5 years, and Bavan could hardly work with that much. Not according to the unhappy players in the Donisthorpe camp could Bavan easily pars with petty cash in their direction. Young Jerry Gossage—who had the lowest ERA and strikeout ratio among all Blue Jays starting pitchers last year—and was named to two rookie all-star teams—had been hoping for \$80,000 and was holding a renewal contract for less than half that.

The mood of the second year camp was a family going through a divorce, and Bavan was not helping matters a great deal by privately referring to some players as "stiffs"—baseball terminology for moth-eaten bodies to stand up on. He even seemed to be enjoying the players' misery. "Gripping might be good for them," he said. "We lost 100 games last year with a happy team. The New York Yankees had some griping, I'm told, and they won a World Series." As for the one player who refused to report, Bavan said: "It doesn't matter what it is he says, he's got to come. And he can't complain more from here, he's me."



In Steve Blass's case that is probably true, but the Blue Jays could hardly afford to pay the same of Bob Feller, the most visible and popular of all Blue Jays. And eventually Bavan's mouth closed and his eyes opened to see when an unhappy Blass could do to the whole. The team had obviously come for Bavan to get a friendly arm about Blass and walk him across the empty field to the dugout. They sit and talked. Then they talked for three hours more in Bavan's office, and when it was all over Blass had a new contract for around \$80,000. He was naturally happy; he was already going to take quiet and rest for the summer. As for Steve Blass, he could sit by his piano forever, for all anyone needed to know.

Bosses are not on horseback when they run a hand through his hair and laugh so merrily. "Satisfaction of enjoyment," he said. "Yeah, I liked that when I first said it and I liked it up this winter and 'LeBaron' has a complete connotation to it, you know. Now I'm looking for a new word." He removed his glasses and rubbed where the frame sat against his nose, rubbed and thought. "Memory?" We're selling "Memory," maybe No "Magic." That's it—"magic!"

No that's not it. In looking for a replacement for the "Magic" of the Blue Jays he had only half a reverie and look at the ward antonym: "ugly." And welcome to it.

Know immediately you know what I (LeBaron), and Blass, needed my confidence *Steve Ewing* and *third baseman Roy Howell*, *doing a little promotion on the latest* maintaining the "Satisfaction of enjoyment"

Elegance in motion with pure luxury at each line, each detail.

Sinking new Town & Country's big family, big cargo wagon in the more efficient LeBaron size. Available with every convenience feature you could ask for, and unique style features including the look of handfinished wood.

Spirited LeBaron hardtop is lean outside;

luxurious inside. Make it个性ally yours with real leather seats and comfortable 1-hour roof.

Dynamic LeBaron four-door sedan is lavished with unification features you expect only on higher priced cars.

And LeBaron satisfies your desire for performance, with an optional fuel-efficient computer controlled engine.



Chrysler LeBaron personal hardtop

LeBaron Chrysler LeBaron sedan



1978 Chrysler LeBaron, Cordoba, Newport, New Yorker Brougham

Lifestyles

The (well-scrubbed) face on the barroom floor

One midnight last fall, Edmonton tavern owners Eric Weirich ordered a rock band playing in his pub, the Kingsway, to knock it off for the night. The band refused, so he pulled the plug on the power. What did that 250 customers running in the 50-seat room need? Eighty. Barbers stepped in, the crowd stood in line, the parking lot and a squad of police enforcement had to be called in to put down the man-cast. At the end, the band was just a typical barbershop happening in Alberta. But it may have been an bizarre last whoop-up—the barbers that spew rapidly revolution and revolution are being handled. Sprouting up in their place are expensive drinking spas—featuring whirlpools, chandeliers, polo bars and dress regulations. "The same people are drinking in the new taverns," says Peter Elliott, chairman of the Alberta Liquor Control Board (ALCB), "but they look a lot different." They are also, tavern owners agree, behaving a lot

better since the velvet chairs and painted photo.

Alberta dropped the state's ban on two years ago; taverns would have to be partitioned and dressed up. "It went over like the proverbial lead balloon," laughs Elliott. When nothing happened, the ALCB was packing and notions. The canary of beer would be dropped; the stick was the threat to refuse license renewals if

complaints weren't complied by the first of April. Then get tavern owners moving, and the redressing—especially in Calgary—has gone beyond anything the liquor board expected. Some tavern owners in Calgary and Edmonton are spending up to \$500,000 on total fitting-up and touch-up projects—and for results, getting a good return. "People who were afraid of the backlash are finding it's a Canada."

Alberta bars partly have traditionally reflected the province's hospitality. Many boasted 600 seats and tavern owners seemed to compete with one another for the most decor. Music, dancing, food and room and enough to allow conversation were demanded on the theory, presumably, that people wouldn't linger so long if they were uncomfortable. Instead, you sit

Calgary's new-timers closed Whirlwind Inn, representing the "before" (below), and the "breakfast of the same city's Crossroads" (right), one of the "after."



stayed and, with nothing to do but wait, they got very drunk. That turned into trouble in the early 1970s when liquor board rules were amended to allow taverns to serve hard liquor and feature live music. Restless customers avoided the inaction dealing in drugs, starting fights and carrying on the furniture. One month last spring, Edmonton police raided two shanties, two bordels and a barbeque smooch which left the water with 16 bodies.

Calgary's Canadian Motor Hotel, where the washrooms were recently renovated before the redressing, hasn't had a paid patron scratch a table or chew a rib—drunks seem to \$500,000 or so visitors say manager Jim Tait. To comply with the liquor board's directions, he's paying for 200 in-store, 250 off-the-premises. The Crossroads' Queen Bar, overlooking the swimming pool in the lobby, is even more startling departure from early Alberta Tavern architecture. It's done up to look like a greenhouse: a floorless wall drops away, tropical trees thrive under the warm glass roof, even when it rains. The old, drafty old bar tables and hard-backed chairs have been replaced by cushioned, rounded, gold tables and white leather armchairs served by waitstaff in blue uniforms.

Sharon Calgary controller Diane Halligan says it's too early to tell whether the new taverns will make enough money to justify their expensive decorating gigs. Her downtown hotel, converted in 1975-76 into her barn in December. The new version is a sprawling 120-room hotel and stainless steel dished off Daddy's Money and a 125-seat polo-head bar. Dr. Marianne Halligan says they made money, some new ones have sold their premises for 20 million before in \$12,000 on top of a drinking bar once change that averages \$1.50. Guests are invited with a 10-cent increase on hot tubs, sauna, steam bath, the sitting room, happy drinks. A Min. Tax (impossible to tell) costs \$4.99 per person per night.

It's the end of an era for Alberta drinkers and the question of the transformation has been raised: does beer and live music. Many of the new owners have also assumed inexpensive draft in favor of higher-priced bottled beer, which is easier to store and serve. Rock bands making \$1,200 a week have been recruited by the old 10-year owners in favor of the chapter status disco dinger. And most dancing bars now have dress regulations because, as one manager says, "the guy in jeans and work boots has a different attitude toward his surroundings than the guy in a suit with his wife in tow." —SARAHNE SWANSON



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Religion

The Jehovah Factor

If there is one belief, one message that has spread by accident through the ages, it's that nothing is unknowable, nothing can escape classification by the scientific method. But now, it seems that evolution is faltering. Some scientists are admitting defeat at the hands of their own equations. The more astrophysicists learn about the early history of the universe, the more convinced they become that they will never know how it came into being.

"The outcome is rather like digging over the creation a dinner than we imagined," concludes Robert Jastrow, who has written a book on the subject, *God? The Six Days* (W.W. Norton and Co., Inc., \$18.75). "It now seems too simple to be pursued by any conceivable method of investigation. It makes just as much sense, one could conclude, to believe God created the world." Jastrow, 32, a director of the Goddard Institute for Space Studies, a division of NASA, the U.S. space agency. He is also an agnostic, and he insists that it is science itself which has brought scientists on the face of Earth with the problem of God. Evolution has been piling up for decades, but scientists have chosen to ignore it. "Even Einstein's general theory of relativity predicted the creation, but it was years before he reluctantly accepted what his own equations showed."

According to late 20th-century astronomical gospel, the history of our universe is a 20-billion-year saga leading from violence to relative tranquility. In the first moments of its existence the universe was a

compressed mass of unimaginable density, ruled by the heat of an explosion beyond comprehension—the so-called big bang. The shock of that contact—they call it the big bang—was creation—destroyed every particle of evidence that could have yielded a clue to the origin. All forms of causation that existed before the universe appeared are forever concealed behind the impenetrable screen of the moment of birth. So the theory goes. And the consensus astrophysics stands—reluctantly—that if there is a sound scientific explanation for the explosive origins of the universe, we will never know what it is.

For instance, that is tantamount to blasphemy. To admit that something that can't be observed and measured has an unknowable cause suggests a realm of faith and magic—precisely what science has tried to banish. "It's like a bad dream," remarks a physicist. "We climb the highest mountain in science and we find the theologians have been sitting there for centuries."

TERENCE DICKINSON

The uncomfortable pew

Athens is digging up the past of the Anglican Church of Canada. Diocesan deacon Rev. Cormac deCiantre was asked to leave Ontario's St. Benedict Church early this year for "overstepping" in letting his congregation use the breviary, an Anglican Church of North America service in the tradition in the United States. The church became Episcopalian on January 31 when four bishops were consecrated as heads of a new "radical" church in Denver, Colorado. The bishops strongly oppose the recent ordination of women, re-

sions in prayerbooks and liberalized attitudes to divorce, abortion and homosexuality, and they hope to attract Anglicans and Episcopalian who share their concern. Their aim: within two years to challenge both the essential dogma of Christianity—"works, prayer and Christian teaching."

Only three clergy and 130 laymen remain in Canada so far, but in a time where Anglican leadership is attempting to drag the church whole into the 20th century, a group that seems to want values from the 15th must rankle. The role the church should play in social and political issues is under fire from within. Headlines saying that Ian Angus' Anglican friend, the archbishop of the church's highest legislative body, sounded more like politics than religion. Leader of the church Archbishop Ted Scott believes that modern Christians must turn head-on to the problems of the secular world. Under his direction the church has taken on everything from promoting guaranteed annual incomes to protecting human investment in Chile. Though the well-publicized breaches between what one delegate called "the Tories and the star in prayer" had healed by the end of the year, a series of damage reports among church members such as Russell Hynes, Alberta's embattled premier. He says he'll have to leave to live with the new social situation. "I need the church, even though perhaps it doesn't need me."

It is doubtful that the anomaly feebly conservative Anglicans could ever push them into the breakaway church, says Scott. He believes that since the buttresses over the orthodoxy of women—which had perturbed the deacons—had crumbled down, the protracted Anglican church of North America will become irrelevant. It can't be a sect. Ironically, despite its search for a more radical path and center, the new church has already fallen from grace: its four bishops were apparently consecrated and will not be recognized by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

CAROLYN PLUDEN



Detail from Michelangelo's "The Creation of Adam" in the Sistine Chapel; what else?



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Dance

Lord of the dance

You can tell it's a dancer factory when in golden glass, this star from dance studio in a grimy incarnation in Watson, has birth melding in the thick pocket of Toronto. The gold is a one-way ticket that keeps probability from optioning the five dancers in black leotards on the other side of the glass. It's also the most long leg, white attire. Foley produces the choreography of the very high horse of his art.

It takes the 32-year-old Foley as long to dance as it takes to play the tape. "Randy step, hop, hoo-hoo, pas de deux, rock?" he shouts, stamping his chilly boards with his high-heeled shoes. He leads them nimbly through the jazzes varied movement and she gets—ever like Linda Marie, with her fractured line—shook like a rumba to their mother, leaping and swaying as if they could read his mind.

They practically have to. It takes an awful lot of shoe-snapping to bring in more than \$300,000 a year, as Foley estimates he's earning now, and the dancer must dress as hard as he does if fame isn't to be squandered. "Expense is show business; deserve an older like mine anyway," Foley jokes, blushing his condition on the coffee he drinks reluctantly rather than on the impossible schedule and the job-hunting on

Foley with his dancers (left to right) Jennifer (and) Jennifer Sandy Lawrence is behind her, Linda Kao, Leanne and the blonde Melinda behind her (far right) Marlene

the gold to so many juggler's balls. "I don't mind spending half my life on acrobatics," he says. "It's the only time I can really get my body together."

Though he can't shake himself the stamps around the tot on his board, Foley has choreographed programs for internationally known stations such as Olympic gold-medal winner Dorothy Phair's Las Vegas, Foley had Totter Cranford's The Ice Show, which he choreographed for Broadway, running the entire year in Las Vegas, or else he'd created for the Hilarious Caisse Desjardins, he'd staged seven performances giving dinner lectures for \$125 an hour (200-plus members) or painting what he calls "Fast Foley look, fast Foley chairman" on tv specials, the rounds of miles down the line.

It's no better this year because Foley is in do-hut now, hotter than any Canadian choreographer ever has been. "He's head and shoulders above anyone else we've got," says Paddy Stamp, executive producer for the March 29 Juno Awards.



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which Foley is now staging for the CBC, in addition to four *Final Audition* talent shows.

Nearly all of this is in rehearsal at the same time—in the two weeks in February he's set aside to蒸蒸 to 80,000 fans of high-energy rock groups from across the continent at the Canadian Dodge Showcase, which design critics have described as "the fashion event of the year." Foley has made it unique by having the designers, not models, be used to show the clothes.

After a mighty low with the designers, who were terrified and appalled by the idea, the persuasive influence Foley first got his way in 1976 Mississauga, began some of his designs to trend off as much as 25 percent overnight—and with it, the momentum, too. Foley has been inventing movements that show off the spring and summer garments of Canadian designers—21 of them this year—to best advantage. "I give them enough dynamic looks," he sighs. "Creative fashion and originality is the designer's only competitive edge in the marketplace, and I keep pushing the edge of their taste." After March 6 debut in Mississauga and a March 16 show in Toronto, the showman travels to 26 other cities with "tasties" to fit. For the first time, Foley has been buying for himself, reports Dennis Newell, who has danced his way from coast to coast since before playing to nearly 40,000 people each time.

Foley meanwhile, will head off to Mississauga and the set of Columbia Pictures' feature for Candler which he describes as "a cross between Love Story and The Other Side of the Mountain." (He choreographing Mervin [4 Clowns Love] Hendrix's vision, but with so many we have to work over the phone, he hums and I dance.") Foley has long been a success in making movie business. "The Hollywood movies, \$40 million each, we make more movies, like Grease and Moon" in the next few years.

Filial-scale film choreography is one of the biggest challenges left to Foley, not many years after his main concern was survival. For if Foley's talk of a \$1.5 billion deal with new studio 20th Century Fox Show at 10 Foley has put for every drama strip he's taken. At 15, a expert in New York city life, his body was "unusually tight" and suggested a career playing piano. By 15, he'd opened his studio on 38th and 39th and made it work before he left the building and also went \$21,000 into debt. "The only consideration was that I had a family to play for."

"But I never say die," Foley grins. Four years later, he was back "on print" and has stayed there—say they, "because I have to dance." If I lost my legs—yes, they're paired—the business would suffer but I would die." To dance, he pushes himself till he's leaping forward as if propelled by an invisible wind. And he remains loyal to his some dusty part of town, where the doors around him give him to the dancing gold within.

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Environment

Mission Impractical

Indians and whites yesterday heard an if there had never before been reported to it. With communal dreams and gifts of boundless resources with native grandeur and native pastures, northern Indians and Indians and schoolchildren came to tell Mr Justice Patrick Hart often in moving and eloquent terms just what he must do "up North." From destroying their way of life. While southern Indians at yet another money-squandering gathering of one-man commissions, some northerners came right out and called them the "thugs of Ontario's Royal Commission" or the "Northern Environment," "our last hope." During 13 bitterly cold weeks this winter they worked out at public meetings at woodsmen's-themed conclaves and town

halls in 14 communities across Ontario's North. They asked Mr. Hart merely to stop a ward. Instead to some 370 protesters—gentle philosophy plus harsh accusations it was time for the South to leave.

Northern Ontario has long been as isolated from the disease-ridden in the South as Western Canada has been from the East. The 214,000 square miles of Ontario north of the 50th parallel are a little-known world of one-industry towns, dwindling profits and living standards, unemployment, alcoholism and racial clashes. Added to all that are heated disputes over fishing, fish, land and wild rice about and resource development. "The North is ravaged by lumbering, mining and pollution," Indian leader John Kelly has warned Hart. "It is not only the land of my people in decline but I see the soul of my people in desolation." With equal

zeal, white business leaders have made it clear to Hart that they will of themselves not co-operate voluntarily with environmental laws. Hart's job—it has been called impossible—is to reconcile such conflicting interests and come up with concrete proposals for the future. Small wonder he delayed from exhaustion midway through the winter hearings.

A day man who has been known to reveal his own press conferences, Hart has remained silent while preparing the commission's \$1.6-million interim report, to be presented in the Ontario cabinet late this month. He will offer preliminary recommendations as well as plans for no more than 10 years, expected to revise this estimate at an estimated cost to taxpayers of an million dollars. However, common person that Hart intends to resign. When the task was assigned to the Ontario Supreme Court judge last summer, it was under the condition he would be allowed to investigate the environmental impact of a \$400-million plan to increase 13,000 square miles of northern timber by Reed Paper Ltd.—the British-owned company in Dryden that had already contaminated the English-Wabigoon river system with mercury. But after lead protests from Indian organizations that this plan was the only threat to their lands, Hart's mandate was broadened to include all aspects of life in Ontario "north of 50." That meant environment, employment, social welfare, transportation, energy, native rights, redevelopment, natural resources, everything. When just two weeks into the hearings Reed backed off as its plan to make hardly a dent in Hart's workload.

So far, the inquiry has pleased no one, neither Indians nor white environmentalists nor industrialists. And the commission is not likely to win any friends, its popularity to fluctuate, unless it knows its mandate by concentrating on key areas and local problems. Others feel just such a "Balder-Adams" stage Thomas Berger, who conducted the study of hydroelectric dams also went right to the heart of the issue of environmental uprooting. "One of the mistakes we made was trying to put new things down. You can't."

Through the urgency of the North's problems is understood, the responsibility of sorting through the puzzle of conflicting exploitation can be purified. The commission must, besides through two years of public hearings before the government will begin to act on issues that best summarize now. Undeniably people on either side of the water point to scores of round-horn-dollar-worth of talk, nothing Grand Council Treaty Nine Chief Andrew Rickard, leader of the major Indian group north of 50, speaks with educated cynicism. "We're not so naive as to think that a commission can change oil and make policies," he says. "Our only expectation is to raise the questions again and again and for us."

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Behavior

Guilty—or not—by reason of psychiatrists



The 11 men and one woman on the jury have avoided the intense stare of the young man sitting in the dock. As the Crown Attorney read his confession, Bruce Hamill's expression never changed. The court heard how on a gloomy March morning he waited in the shadows of an Ottawa schoolyard for the caretaker, Bert Wenzel, his 18-year-old neighbor. When she arrived to clean the steps, the 21-year-old gripped her neck and plunged her head 36 times into the concrete and stone base. "I wanted her to feel like her bones were broken," he said. "She made my sister mad," he told police. "She was mean, rude and very insidious."

No one doubted that Hamill had, as Crown Attorney Andrew Berney put it, "some emotional problems." On his lawyer Scott McElyea's advice, Hamill pleaded not guilty to first-degree murder by reason of insanity, successfully shifting the focus of the case from whether he had murdered Barry Westfall to whether he had known what he was doing while he committed it. During the week-long trial in January, six psychiatrists armed with plastic hoses and medical opinions took the stand to argue Hamill's mental responsibility.

It is called the battle of the experts and the participants—lawyers, judges, doctors

and juries—agree that no one wins. The practice of pitting one doctor against another in court—and making lawyers, judges and juries wade through their evidence logo—seems to satisfy no one, least of all the experts, who've participated in the annual meeting of the Canadian Association of Legal Psychiatrists. The organization's sole task is to discuss the expert witness, says forensic psychiatrist Selwyn Berney, who testified in the Hamill trial. "If you're asked to sit in the grand jury, you don't take it personally," he says. "You have to break down the thrust of your evidence." In two separate new before parliament, the Law Reform Commission of Canada concludes that oral medical testimony is "time-consuming, and expensive and should be avoided wherever possible." But it's more than a matter of time and money. Critics of the legal system wonder whether justice can be served when a mental opinion can be bought, then altered or obscured for the defense or prosecution.

In the Hamill case, the four doctors for the defense did agree that Hamill suffered from an explosive personality disorder and damage to the temporal lobe of the brain, the part that controls emotion. But whether that disorder sparked Hamill's

crime was another question. Smith said it did, another psychiatrist thought the accused had suffered a seizure and a third, right argued there was no way of proving either. The two psychiatrists for the prosecution didn't even buy the temporal lobe theory. One of them said Hamill simply had "a tone of fatigue" and that his reasons for the murder were maybe an more peculiar than any motive for killing.

As usual, the experts conducted a ritual, within a wall and left the jury weirdly nothing to do but sit there while witnesses performed best. Those who follow the afternoon's proceedings believe the outcome will bring out the vital points and dispense off clouds of confusion. But even the lawyers become frustrated trying to sort out the gray areas of psychiatry. "It's expected to cause extreme an expert in his own field," says Berney, Hamill's prosecutor. Yet I don't know anything about psychiatry." He lets the case. Hamill was found not guilty by reason of insanity.

The Law Reform Commission has been pushing for action on these issues since it presented two highly critical reports, *Assault and Mental Disorder In The Criminal Process*, to parliament two years ago. So far, the federal justice department has

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done nothing more than set up two study groups. Presumably—since no action seems forthcoming—the groups are still grappling with the commission's argument that the Criminal Code is "poorly organized and substantiated" on the subject of assisted death. Under Section 16, offenders are considered guilty because only if they have "caused" death can the nature and quality of an act or omission be knowning that an act or omission is wrong." But psychiatrists believe that the distinction between insanity and criminal responsibility is "disgenuinely irrelevant" there; no such thing as clear-cut "insanity." The expert witness is often expected to play both lawyer and jury when applying to the law; the 12 people on the jury have should be left to decide the defendant's criminal responsibility.

In an attempt to salvage the role of the jury in such cases, the Law Reform Commission recommends that the question of incompetency be resolved by a board of at least three psychiatrists before the trial begins. Walter Elton, who wrote Mental Brethren in *The Canadian Press*, also produced a working paper for the commission which suggests that the psychiatrists' community supply lists of experts from whom one can be chosen at random—in gerid of bias for or against the defendant once and for all. Similar systems are already in use in some parts of the United States and Europe.

Although psychiatrists admit there are some "hard cases" for sale, and lawyers confess they "shop around," both groups say hunting for expert witnesses is more subtle. De Jerry Cooper, a veteran of 30 trials under the Toronto expert witness system last year, says that while all lawyers shop for opinions, psychiatrists would be more likely to hit the big lottery balls ("After all," he says, "most criminal cases are handled by Legal Aid—and that's only 340 an hour in Ontario.") And says Prof. Dennis Psychiatry, whose other professional reputation is "What I do costs what it does," is not adverse to hermetically sealing her expertise for a fee.

As psychiatrists and lawyers work toward from the ground up to change the system, most agree informally about their eventual goal: defining the word "competency" specifying the nature of psychiatrists' reports so that there's a standard basis for judgment in each case, and sharing all evidence relevant to the trial before. Many also agree that until the prison system can treat instead of punish, the naturally ill offenders, psychiatrists and lawyers will be at one another's throats, hunting the person on trial and the judicial process. Elton says that what a psychiatrist hears in the courtroom is: "Can you treat him and do you want him?" He knows that if the accused is found guilty he gets into the psychiatric system tied if he is found insane by a psychiatrist. That's a tough choice for someone who is fine and foreseen a doctor.²

MARLENE BOHANNON

Law

Prepare for a little action, off the beaten track



Photo: AP/Wide World

In these rough-hewn times, almost any Canadian will run his career risks and live more than some time in the next. To save the numbers on the box of paper he purchased will make him rich. It's called a lottery, and it's Perfectly All Right. If the same Canadian chooses to bet the same money in the same manner on the Derby Day at the local racetrack, however, it's Not Perfectly All Right. It is an offense under the Criminal Code.

But what's the difference? Whatever it is, it seems certain to be sharply diminished.

The horse players who don't go to the track will hunting another reversal of policy by the federal government, be able to go to hell in their own way, just like the folks who will go to the park instead of window shopping, or the beach instead of golf, hot tubbing—or, come to think of it, this fall it appears to have a field day.

A year and a half ago Eugene Whelan, the attorney general and thus the man responsible for Canada's horse racing industry, said, unconvincingly: "This [industry] is just don't think it's good for the small tracks and owners." Now he's saying less convincingly: "I personally think that [the] off-track betting is a loss for people, but if they [do] racing [at] an [off-track] track, then it's a loss for people."

With Whelan feeling that was a reasonable point to be made by 1979, along with a regulated system of taking bets by phone just as in the illegal bookies do now, Whelan's deputy minister, Gordon Lumsden, proposed amending the Code in January. If that happens, such provision will probably have the right to extract or require

the Queen's Plate, chukkahees burns, 1979: There are better ways to blow your money

most. Most are exposed to quickly opt for it, because a conservative guess is that the trend would be a doubling over a five-year period of the take from legal pari-mutuel betting—which was some \$11.2 billion in Canada last year. And that \$1.2 billion worth of money, furthermore reveals, has been the top 30 corporate and private Academia's hit parade. The pull of more than 300 winners has been elicited by Malvina Ross, who is a professor of English at Dalhousie University, Halifax, and editor of the New Canadian Library. The acclaimed—declared—published Jack McCollum, who just happens to hold the reprint rights to most of these novels, was the most important on the subject in more than 20 years.

Alberta agreed "Literary Capital Of Canada" to Be Calgary" runs Friday headline in *The Alberta* and, if only to

it is not clear how well Whelan's legislation will be met, nor even the Ontario Jockey Club's in the first five years, given at least a temporary drop in track attendance, across the board. If the big, middle-income, who about Whelan's example, the rich and the owners who run the small-tracks, are right, E. T. Tejico, chairman of the Jockey Club of Canada, said in 1976 that a Horseplayers program in which all tracks in the country, would not only maximize the small tracks but actually improve their lot.

As an industry, horse racing has been losing money in the millions each year, despite bringing large spectator sports in the country—some 800 million people were at the tracks last year—and OTTB is the only obvious solution. General access to betting on the races will also, quite proponents believe, increase the sport's popularity on television. The only four appear to be the books, when bound to see some of his business dry up. The bettor will lose more than he wins too, but about 33% of the money wagered will come back in winning. The lotteries return just 4%. So where will the winner money go?

It's a great honor, but you shouldn't have done it (really wish you hadn't!)

Column by Mordecai Richler

I'm assured that some years ago when Massachusetts Louise Brown was given an honorary charge, facing a possible three-year sentence, a number of New York intellectuals offered to testify on her behalf. Brown heard out their overwrought loyalties and when they were done, he held his head in his hands, glared at his adviser and then charged: "You only bastards will get me hanged!"

Canadian novelists, a notoriously argumentative bunch, could possibly say the same of all those well-intentioned literary gospellers. Canadian disengagement from across the country who gathered at the University of Calgary from February 1974 to June 1975, to write, to teach, to learn, to argue, that the Canadian novel, now more than ever, is dead. Furthermore recent Best of the Country's 30 most important novels, ranking on the Top 30 corporate and private Academia's hit parade, the pull of more than 300 winners has been elicited by Malvina Ross, who is a professor of English at Dalhousie University, Halifax, and editor of the New Canadian Library. The acclaimed—declared—published Jack McCollum, who just happens to hold the reprint rights to most of these novels, was the most important on the subject in more than 20 years.

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prove the point, in another story on the same page Horst Schrod, Alberta's minister of culture announced that his government would spend eight million dollars publishing works by Canadian writers for the province's distant public. A mere drop in the oil bucket again might say but me, very wise all the same. Mind you, on the evidence, it might be argued that the novelist could do more for Alberta culture by cutting off at least one of these million and a half to read indigenous chick to a proper reading school. Which is to say the book we write at the banquet the Brookfield Gold and Western Club was the fountain of immortality. The book, when I could not talk, was a provincial epic, was never great, but it was good and all that could be said for the penitent was they were like us at least. Literary men and women do live by books alone.

Ah, the banquet. In the absence of Ponsonby, we were addressed by the County Council's Gertrude Lang, a lady of indomitable goodness, who managed to bring together in one long speech every everyone with about 100 words. At our table, which included such literary biggies as Garbo, Roy, Baker, Lemire and Brian Moore, distinguished brash began to drop. Those of us who had talked for

newspapers long, long ago feel we were indeed into some kind of joint war, a bark covering the battle honours of yesterday.

Enough. Novelists had not forsaken their readers to come to the literary capital of Canada in search of four-star restaurants or illuminating after-dinner speakers. We had come to come to the big pie to be graded by Caspar Pudney. In the future, working novelists would not only have a name and titles to their credit, but a kind, possibly to be branded on their forehead in the coming 30 years.

The morning after the banquet we trudged into Macleod Hall hung over and blushing to hear the academic overproductions. *Montreal Literature*. The *Top 30* was adjudged to me no one, a popular choice, and others with works in the Top 10 were Gabriele Hay, Sherard Rose, Robertson Davies, Ernest Buckler, Sheila Watson, Hugh MacLennan, W. O. MacLeod and me. The *Top 30* of this year's spring show, may be most remembered for its inclusion of both Collected and *Joint Opus* of Bruce Moles from *The West*. *Joint Opus* by Bruce Moles, from *The West*. My God, my God, professors who set out to prove the Canadian novel had come of age also established that each of us (plus others) could afford to eschew Moles from among us best. The problem was though a Canadian critics for more than two decades Moles had had the bad taste to be born in Ireland and it now resided in California. Shame on him.

The conference in Calgary a glorious affair, was a quintessentially Canadian event, at only because once having no nationalized their art, the provinces shamed over each other apologizing for it. These are not the days. Don't be taken in by too seriously. We don't need what we've got. Well, I for one take the lot very seriously indeed. Out of my novels, *The Acquaintance* is number 100. It inspired the last novel. From now on, I won't only clause to have come of age but I also can brag that I am the author of Canada's one-hundredth most important novel. Obviously, and here out I'm going to say.

Our final observation. Only 45 hours after publication of the lot of most important novels, the Canadian dollar sank below 49 U.S., the lowest rate in 45 years. Let us understand the muscle of Caspar Pudney.

This is the last column I will contribute to *Maclean's*.



Films

If you have to suffer you might as well enjoy it

AN UNMARRIED WOMAN
Directed by Paul Mazursky

Judging by *An Unmarried Woman*, being divorced on the Upper East Side of Manhattan is a lot different from being divorced in Whistler or Santa. The ordinary woman who divorces, after 15 years of marriage, that her husband is as low with someone else, will face enormous alimony disputes, debilitating anxiety because of a dramatic decrease in her standard of living, and most of all isolation and loneliness. Erica (Jill Clayburgh) does have to navigate some rough seas but a close-knit bunch of female buddies keeps her buoyant and she gets to keep her East Side apartment with the previous owner of Manhattan's penthouse, now Mrs. Murphy, whom Erica's husband (Michael Murphy) admits he still loves. So, Erica's somewhat comfortable, and when Erica undergoes therapy she recognises—at first timidly, then fervently—the trauma of her first emotional partner, and the effect that trauma had on her need to escape her own sensitivity. But because so much depends on the explanation of those emotions, therapy seems like the viewer quickly feels like an unnatural voyeur.

The film has a particularly pernicious quality that both a great deal more. Far from this particular woman's scented

of roses, like many of Marquand's previous efforts were watchographed and it is obvious in this one that he is not telling a tale of his own experience. It is not that so-called "woman's film" can't be done by a man because they too (as with the case with Julia and *The Turning Point*) a determined male sensibility prevails. Jill Clayburgh's strong presence helps balance this, and the fancifulness of her performance is the most distinctive aspect of the film.

Certainly it has its moments. Marquand knows only too well to reveal key scenes when Erica's husband (Michael Murphy) admits his infidelity. So, Erica's somewhat comfortable, and when Erica undergoes therapy she recognises—at first timidly, then fervently—the trauma of her first emotional partner, and the effect that trauma had on her need to escape her own sensitivity. But because so much depends on the explanation of those emotions, therapy seems like the viewer quickly feels like an unnatural voyeur.

Clayburgh has both a great deal more. Far from this particular woman's scented

scented performance (from Luis Luca who plays Paul, Erica's 15-year-old daughter-like angel as her father is judgmental and her courageous behavior toward her mother's new lover when he first comes for dinner is pure acid). But as is quite credible in the artful director who helps Erica exult in herself in her new independence but Cliff Gorman as Charlie, Erica's fine sexual concierge after her husband, is given short shrift. Though obviously a sexual harbinger, Charlie gives Erica only what she asked for and a sexual affair when there been built up in defense of Erica's honor. But there is a try so the knight in shining armor and the angel that he and Jill Clayburgh go through in establishing their sexual relationship is clearly designed to play in the moral peanut gallery.

Clayburgh herself, through the voice of the then well-married Erica, runs the movie up beat. Explaining to her husband why she so enjoys her once-a-week session with these written friends she says "I love the Club." Her part may have been well part Ingmar Bergman. "Exactly."

ED DEDROZ

The Long Good-Night

By ED DEDROZ

Directed by Michael Winner

"He'll leave a guy off his bone-breaks," the fellow says, half in admiration. And more, enough, a little later, Richard Boone bounces his follow-off—with a doink, and between them. So the bad guys are back again, shock on the ground, in the latest return of *The Big Sleep*. Book two, in Robert Mitchum as Philip Marlowe, Raymond Chandler's hard-as-nails private eye who takes a bullet in galore at the most clichéd hooker. Photography, action, gambling, boozemate suicide—they're all waiting for Marlowe after he arrives gates a romantic blackmail attempt and becomes ensnared in a web of various spuds around the lives of two self-deluged young women and their fathers, a wealthy, ageing general.

That's all there really is to tell about the classic plot, except for two things: the weirdly accomplished under-prince in both Chandler's book and the Bogart-Bogie movie of 1946, and one of the most stomach-churning pairings of detective fiction—his now bare-chested, and the movie's acting has been updated to the present, though in the present from Los Angeles to London. *The Big Sleep* otherwise stays pretty much the waywardness of Faye Dunaway (Marlowe's 1973 Marlowe) and has none of the tension a good mystery demands.

Who this is a big ass, and it's almost enough, is Robert Mitchum, Hollywood's great lamer: the man who was forced into retirement about a quarter century before people noticed it during the Bel Air era. An unfounded myth exists, Mitchum, now 66, might have been born to play Marlowe, roughed, grizzled, absurdly vulnerable—unfathomable, the first

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CANADIAN TRADITION.

Theatre

The return of The Angry Young Man

"The next guy who calls my plays 'gutty' I'm gonna punch out," vows Jerry, a fast-talking young Montreal playwright, summing up his views. Jerry's *La Chanson du Tonnerre*—a comedy about show business and the third autobiographical play by Montreal's David Foenkinos—and he's also been-named the star of the play. The truth is, though, the plays are gutty. With the debate over Quebec's future continuing, Foenkinos has managed to put the spotlight on a neglected segment of Quebec's population: the English-speaking poor. And thus made him a figure of national import. What *Tonnerre* means in Canada at Montreal's Canadian Theatre is still a major cultural event. Notes Myron Galloway, drama critic of *The Montreal Star*: "Foenkinos is now at a career交叉点 among the

rank-and-file of Canada's leading playwrights in both languages."

It couldn't have happened to a more unlikely guy like Michel Tremblay, his French-language counterpart. Foenkinos comes from a Montreal background that traditionally does not spew writers. The Foenkinos' Charles d'Amato, where he grew up as one of six children in a flat, maniacal cluster of run-down houses on treacherous, steeply rising alleys, abandoned storefronts and tiny corner laundries. It is the home of Montreal's poor Scots and Irish workers, who live alongside French Canadians in a scrappy, hardsy neighborhood of low-income workers and welfare recipients. "Growing up with that kind of conflict around, how can you help but be political?" Foenkinos adds. He's an active mem-

ber of the tiny Socialist Labor Party, but his plays are neither strident nor didactic. Foenkinos's vigorous and heart-felt depiction of the French's workers in the strength of his plays, and it has made him the pride of his neighbourhood. "As far as they're concerned," he says, "I could walk on water."

Foenkinos, now 30, came into the theatre by chance. A hapless student flunking with honours, he dropped out of high school in grade 9 and drifted off across Canada and the United States, eventually returning to Montreal with a sugar ration that he could write. A creative-writing class at a college eventually led to the publication by the college of *Monstre à Poche*, Foenkinos's daily journal, and the book sold out.

Monte Poherby, artistic director of the Canadian Theatre, was impressed with Foenkinos's writing. "I knew that there was a real dramatic intelligence here," he says. "He has a great way of handling situations and a way with dialogue." Poherby arranged for Canada Council grants so that Foenkinos could spend two years just hanging around the theatre. The grants paid because Poherby thinks he is the best. Foenkinos returned to *Pudding, On the Job*, and then started the arrival of an important new chapter. His first play, *Sixième à Louer*, only ended the year.

In Toronto, Foenkinos has moved away from his familiar terrain, and it is obvious he does his best writing closer to home. Based upon an actual day he spent auditioning in a Toronto hotel room, *Tonnerre* is a slight work compared to the preceding plays. Despite some superb comedy, it lacks Foenkinos's former impassioned voice and drive, though the author claims that it's just as political as the other plays. In the most overtly political statement the play makes, Jerry tells a reporter from *The Toronto Star* that the Parti Québécois is a reactionary force which only divides workers. "The PQ is just like the Liberal Party," Foenkinos says. "They won't change the basic structure of Quebec society—in another country won't make any difference."

The satiric Foenkinos adventure is a sort of the despondent French and English populations to demand a new order, and he'll get this point across in a new play now taking shape. He will return to English to portray poor French and English working-class back-packer girls. They'll stop fighting to come against acceptance for the labelled, and that is what will happen to be a member of the Parti Québécois.

There is little doubt that Foenkinos's voice will continue to be heard, for the satiric has come quickly but a lot more slowly than deserved. Foenkinos's wife, Elizabeth, once told him, "When makes your writing original is that people like you usually don't write." We should be grateful that he is the exception. —EMILY MACDONALD

Foenkinos: yes, you can go home again



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two layers of tough-as-nails skin—is the world's fat, and often extremely dry. It's a favorite of theatrical history: it was Elia Kazan's first costume as a member of Steven Morris' *Bronx Boys*, which might speak some of the familiar shorthander whodis (what's Macbeth had issues wif what's Shakes hebin?)

Audie from here, Richard Boone, the actor with the thick voice that seems to have been left behind in an open locker for altogether too long, takes the only remaining honest, nothing Boone does is boring, and he compensates the auteur with a



Murphy: the world is a warmer place

kind of effusiveness not involved so long as he was in it. For the rest, the supporting cast should be a dream: James Stewart as the general, John Mills, Oliver Reed, Josie Cotton, Sarah Miles. Also writer/director Michael Winner has made them no better than that: paradox—in particular Candy Clark, as one of Stewart's daughters, who is allowed to even sink into that gloriously lingo beyond laughter beyond ambivalence, thus vanishes only because she's dead.

Private eye books, a special board, may find it hard to them, but finally, Oliver is most likely to find the *Star* the big year—and later, less so, as the plot absurdities have been forgotten, to remember only that he was once Philip Robert Merlewood Macbeth.

JACK BOND

Brief Encounters

Cesar A sad shirt that expels everybody's talk at hospitals and gives Generative Daybed her best role in years.

The Goodbye Girl One needs get lighter bit by bit, and Cesar and Daybed makes it. **We Has Seen the Wind** G. W. Mitchell's Picnic classic, decency done

Drama

They impale bleeding hearts, don't they?

THEY CAN'T SEEM DON'T THEY?

By the Marimba Troop of Newfoundland

Distinguished Americans whom boom through the auditorium doors that threatened agonies has rolled to the aid of another the ancient great of Hollywood—Walter Pidgeon. Henry Fonda, Gregory Peck—are on notice depicting the annual heat of the harp seal over the Newfoundland floor. Their challenge sounded, lights like the stage for talents like the Davis Dovols defying Goliath, seven unimmaculate youngsters wearing fishermen's overalls, gummy glasses and fuzzy bathrobes in shiny, sandal-drawn Areas. Newfoundland's answer to *Gone With the Wind* being a show than an song and signature of drama left. A falconer's wide bags a new dress for their son's profession. The only way her husband can afford it, and rearranges the road, is by saving. While herman his fortune on the ice, his wife recalls how her father was lost on the floes, triggered by a spring blizzard. To them, seeking a containing folks, which will live and part of being a Newfoundlander.

The bureaucratic folly is not so relentless it looks. Some showed eye in Ottawa or St. John's (the Newfoundland government partially sponsored the *Munsters*) local areas have realized that, paradoxically, the further the homemade little ships travel from the sea, the closer it may come to understanding. It enables us to constitute a work culture starting similar to the one where they still rules inland North America, the Little Kingdom, whose heroic legends have stuck in search for the causes of Menor, Pidgeon, Fonda and Peck. Until Gregoire makes his entry, the last of the little review by the Marimba Troop of Newfoundland. Watch their final circus act off across Canada in meet the annual spring series of posted agents the orders—though they played as they were, right in St. Anthony, where the band began in mid-March—as like watching men fish, fly, launch a leaky boat into the teeth of an Atlantic gale.

At night they seem to have nothing on their heads but pearls and high spirits. Like most groups of them kind they lean heavily on clowning and minstrelsy. Their sketches, jowly, smirking, tend to be short-winded, or whimsical. Their jokes, tactless if appropriate, are the kind which hit audiences over the head. As it turns out, however, they have one thing more in their favor: authenticity. Between gigs and changing rooms during, they put over some performances that the international regulars enjoy. From all over, less than \$10,000 a year. But among the bar was a 10% reduction between 1976 and 1977, taking \$5.5 million a year out of the depressed Atlantic economy. More analogous to the Marimba agent, that, since imposition of quotas, bands are increasing by 25% per season. The pool of the band in an just last year has gone down 43% of its profit comes from west and east. But facts are less powerful than the feelings which the Marimba

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RONALD BOND

Baron Bull (left) David Ross (with shield and (on the seat) Pierre Bouvier; if they looked like spiders would anybody care?



Books

Sweet Ms-series of life

TWO WOMEN
by Doss Anderson
(Minotaur, \$9.95)

A CASUAL AFFAIR
by Sylvia Fisher
(McClelland and Stewart, \$12.95)

The Toronto satirist may not be quite as witty as the Algonquin Round Table crowd but there's no question in his mind either. New York's writers and self-promoters need no guide in the giddy velvet-and-mahogany environs of Manhattan's Algonquin Hotel to talk about literature and wined-and-buffed friends. Dan could pass for nearly dry humor (Toronto's Park Plaza Roof Bar's prissy writer, *Coward Call*). They mingle at book signings, openings and the kind of dinner parties that feature at least one of her readers or chosen from innumerable callers. This results, spanning gloriously over the series of this son of urbanites of leisure, urban, television per-

sensibilities and plain bang-on, set the two sides of novelist Spilla Fester (*Chances, The Candy Factory*) and ex-Chanelles editor Dore Anderson.

Foster's pale blonde, threeding chintz-boots and stylized deportment, Miss Custer in pouch of matronhood. A Foster appearance leaves memories of Braden, buts and conversation played immensely on high C. One unmissable Foster out from a book-launching party found her windshiling barefoot—nude—slipping so handily along the soft shoulder of the highway as she in the morning with speedling car catching the farmer of silk deer in their headlights. She was soon visited by a group which included Doss Anderson, a personal and professional friend, and was who seems to removed from her temperamentally. The Andersons' trademark—mixes of heads surging along a formidable pose—concerned the most gaudily vulgar and decadent—she stretched to the limit, he drove and ushered a stiffly-reverent son, Real Friends, back, say Anderson colleagues. Today, as well as glamorous friend (publisher Jack McCloud) and Harold Town, writer Charles Tease place, agitator Adrienne Clarkson and Barbara Frum (etc.) Princeton Anderson and Hamilton-born Fisher share a new role, two writers who should make a chunk of money.

Both have chosen women as the theme for their new novels. Anderson's book (her first) is a continuation of the sort of sassy she wrote for Marissa's book in the titles with titles like *To Steal Too Many and Cutters' Reading*—“He was young in years but was in the ways of women.” Two Women is about women's rash, but for newlywed consciousness and success it's the tale of Jim Scott whose career in publishing is being blocked by chubby male executives. Discreet Mrs. Scott (who “hasn't had sex for months”) spends one night with the husband of her good friend, socialist Hilary Saunders and promptly gets pregnant.

Meanwhile, Hilary, the compliant Good Wife tries to break out of yesterday's fidelity racket by unsuccessfully coupling with an Rodriguez Good Friend and then with the plan to be a old-class sex wizwood by her son and daughter returning home to accompany his从 a consequence etc. The plot is a worthy along business line for the likes of Julia and Hilary with author Anderson whipping occasionally at various restaurants-barbecues to have her characters fight for women's lib over垂垂暮年 and Chi-Chi's Chinese & Ensemble.

As a writer Anderson's much certainly



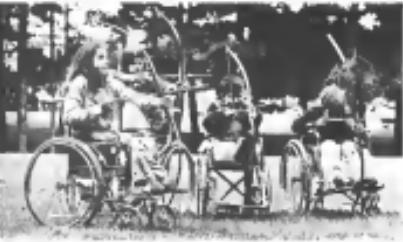
Anderson: fresh, yes, but it's good trash

doesn't exceed her grasp. She wins for nothing that can't be accomplished. Her one soylicious cause is a too generous reliance on her Fierman's trade-savvy and lifestyle approach to erotica. Her particular gift: a florid, amateur caught-up-in ice cubes.” Or this *Closeup* plus:

Foster's book of *Casual Affairs* aims higher. Included in her weightyfessorial story of a sordid romance between a married housewife and the “pale blond” sensitive ever available wife of a wealthy Torontonian are a series of fairy tales, cautionary parables and upgrants about human nature. Some readers may voice with Foster's favorite—the artifice because longing to escape her crystal penthouse Ontario may find more sympathy for her fever and long-suffering husband Alfonso can reflect how little change in 18th-century methods the villains required and allowed the innocent. These days they value her with less, high incomes and what-ever white spousals.

Both books are likely to best-sell because they're staff good going made of genuine heart, honest in its dirt, lots of sex, and some intricate presented with gloss and privacy. Both books, besides to write than they look, should however not be confused with literature. The literary value of Foster's book lies in between a high-class *Herculean* novella and *Jennifer Livingston* (Seigall). For Anderson's book the question has no relevance at all.

BARRBRA ANDRE



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BACK A FIGHTER

Help Easter Seals help crippled children.

Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just—even if it's only with Tories

Column by Allan Fotheringham

Derry O'Hagan and Coates sounds like a double-play combination on the Thelwell League's Athletenring performance? A juggling act on the stage of the Royal Opera House from an Eastern Compo who that still has a Clyn club, the court and coat of the money who, a fortuitously, doesn't.

Derry O'Hagan is Coates' coonie is the right-of-hand gang assigned to skip past your awfully gang that insinuates of marks the prime pseudopriesthood of our time. Pierre Eddy, Fender, in the election showing, Knuckieball starts all. They'd never need a hot stove or a Soupe (unless Tom Conan was around).

Senator Keith Derry runs the National Governing Party, aka known as the Liberal hegemony of Canada. He is gifted with the wisdom of Mcleish and the sartor of Nathan Detroit. He is a large manous man who seems indolent like tap water. He is from Toronto and has never been involved in any significant cause. Derry O'Hagan, Director of Propaganda in the Prime Minister's Office, wears a thumping Stetson pad for hair. He has a perpetual air of daytime worry though he is more interested at night when his leak estate escapes the mortal snappader of his earnest son-roddog. Jim Coates, propagandist secretary to the roo, is pink and swelled out of a Johnson's bulky powder red, a buckozer there who looks as if he's just coming down in the census store, test by his mother for a pound of bacon. The buckozer would take care to cover the change, for fear he'll lose a dollar.

At dinnertime, when I left home a few years ago, all predictions as to what kind of world we'd expect to see the next day will have paid off. Small children will grow fast and rocket will collect the adults under the Liberals are entitled to power. Fourier and even Apes.

All three are in charge of stoking this strange commodity called Trudeau who is invited to a big party (the country yet at the same time is drowning ahead of his state, free party with a嵌在胸的 that sort like an accident-prone revolving door. Luckily, I have been able to obtain a copy of their battle plan. It was received from a suburban-mansion napkin found on the fourth sleeve of The Canadian Grid, a subversive in broad in the basement of the Cliffsider Lauder which serves midnight and other mazurka mazurkas.

The battle plan of the trio of Derry,

O'Hagan and Coates for the decade of 1978—celebrating a decade of rule by himself—a quiet sample it has three elements: (1) personality of himself; (2) manipulation of the media; (3) points as low.

On the first point, the planning crew is drawn from the political staff of Prime Minister Trudeau has more than that. Marcel Marceau. In his 1968 victory, we had King Pierre, the hamster-oid. In his next election of 1972, we had the Doctor-Care Poutine the philosopher-thug. In his

change, the plodding, fire-resistant how-mondo-bonded went the front pages. That a major announcement of yet another Liberal "process," aimed for key deadlines, would always rule heavy headlines for the simple fact that there was no time to check it before it was reported. The Libs' axis were broken. In the commentary pages, had they countered the front page follow-many times has that waterfront fiasco in Toronto been promised? And, has remained as the *Power*? Harbor references Vancouver! Each and, each dimension, was headline! The premiers, made the news.

This year there is a confrontation against the central press. Radio-Canada is to be inundated by the charges of systemic inflation that it alone carried live all the sessions of the First Ministers' conference which was essentially a Liberal press-conference media event. The English network of the CBC is also accused as witness the Prime Minister's having a New media broadcast of the Liberal convention into a three-hour political blockbuster.

The third aspect of the battle plan is no emphasis a compromise between Trudeau and his Clark Dent's compact for me with God, goes the line, compared him with the alternative. "We haven't done so well," Jean Chretien will tell the voters, "but the other chaperon is awful." The defense mechanism for the fact Trudeau has only three real functioning politicians left in his cabinet—the case-hardened Alan MacEachern, the inglorious word-alterer Don骏马 and the stalwart Chretien to prevent any outcry chance the return of Diefenbaker. Clark would have to take over the job. It's not necessarily true, but the Libs will believe it.

There will be the slogan "Glorious by way of Karmic" of O'Hagan's. "This is not a nice country in a friendly world, this is a friendly country in a difficult world." There will be the claim that this is the party of energy, proving the fact of the interchangable faces and related personalities (that populate the front bench) that mirror youth. There will be the return of the Barry Fitzgerald of politics, Bryan Mackay.

But mainly it will be a campaign fought on three points: (1) play double-blacks, we've tried hard; (2) manipulate the wagon-and media; (3) points as low.

You've been warned. You're welcome.



1978 strength we moved on to a concerned vigorous obsession, full of ridicule for Trudeau's ridiculous wage and price controls idea.

The re, all his worldly arrogance is manifested as between the vulgar realm of alienated strategy and since the time of Derry, O'Hagan's come back to see him in 1968, he has had choice but to run away with the party. We are witness to the new Marvel Marceau to come out of the gas. Trudeau's shouting on it that he has the largest iteration of the diehard determine he is born except when he is a fight (how many voices does one give by blessing hawks in striking postal workers? Pliny, one response.) He has that lean and hungry look again, he has that electric hauteur and the skin's plan is to dominate an angry tiger at his. Strip them up. Get him mad. Mad Marceau.

On the second point, the National Governing Party discovered a valuable lesson in 1970. While most of the major newspapers in the land (even the liberal ones) expel for himself Bob Stenhouse and the columnists and commentators was the same way (mainly in absolute hope for a



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